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THE situation at Shanghai has become more alarming during the past week. Western Governments could shut their eyes to holocausts of yellow men; but the killing and wounding of their own nationals in the International Settlement is another matter. This adventure must obviously be stopped. That it will not be stopped by polite representations to Tokio was evident long ago. Nor will it be stopped by fawning on Japan and pretending that the unfortunate Chinese are the real villains of the piece. The League of Nations must do what it was created to do. Great Britain and the other League Powers acting in concert with the United States can call off the dogs of war, if they choose. The risks involved in taking a firm stand are, as we argue in another column, negligible compared to the risks of letting things drift. We hope that the Assembly of the League, which is to be called at the instance of China, will rally the waverers who mistake funk for prudence.

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Most of the delegations at Geneva have now expressed their views on disarmament. The French plan receives whole-hearted support from Belgium and Czechoslovakia, and a more guarded approval from Denmark and Spain, both of whom really want disarmament. Norway, Holland, Turkey, Canada and the U.S.S.R. are all critical of the plan. Mr. Litvinov attacked it root and branch in a speech which made a deep impression on the Conference. He brought forward again his former demand for total and universal disarmament; but he followed this with a declaration of the Soviet Government's readiness to proceed by instalments. As a first step he urged the abolition of all the greater weapons of aggression—tanks, big guns, ships above 10,000 tons, aircraft carriers, heavy bombing planes, and chemical and bacteriological methods of warfare. He is thus in line with Italy, with a number of the smaller States, and, of course, with Germany—and in advance, we are sorry to say, of Great Britain. He ended with a reassertion—which nobody who knows the facts should need—of Russia's desire for peace. On paper, then, there is a large measure of agreement, except for France and one or two of her satellites. If the French can be persuaded to put the horse before the cart (and if Japan can be restrained from upsetting both horse and cart), the Conference may yet confound the pessimists.

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It is very likely, of course, that what happened in Paris on Tuesday may affect the course of events at Geneva, as it may also affect the Reparations Conference at Lausanne, which has been agreed upon for June by France and Great Britain. M. Laval's defeat in the Senate was not unexpected. He tried to get the attack which was to be led by M. Peyronnet postponed, on the plea that the issues under discussion at Geneva were more important than anything at home. He went so far as to make it a question of confidence, but he was beaten, and he has resigned. With him goes the Electoral Reform Bill which he had just forced through the Chamber—a cynical attempt to outwit the parties of the Left by gerrymandering the voting system—and it is possible that the new Government will decide to hold the General Election in April. But at the time of writing we can only guess at the composition of the new Government. It seems likely to be a stop-gap affair, and it may consist largely of Senators and ex-Premiers, under M. Albert Sarraut or M. Paul-Boncour or M. Barthou. Efforts will no doubt be made to keep M. Tardieu at the Ministry of War, and efforts will be made to get M. Herriot into the Cabinet. But he would have nothing to gain and much to lose by taking service on this ghost ship. The Radicals' game is alliance with the Socialists.

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The question whether President von Hindenburg would stand again for the Presidency of the Reich is now settled. A hurried appeal in favour of his candidature has been signed by more than three million citizens, and on this he has consented to come forward on March 13th. The Nazi and Nationalist camps are not happy. Their leaders are blustering and blackguarding Dr. Brüning and the parties of the Left, and Herr Hitler denounces Hindenburg's candidature as "a last effort to save the disastrous Weimar system." Who will be their candidate (or candidates, for it is quite likely that Nazis and Nationalists will each have their own) is still uncertain. Dr. Schacht, who was talked of, apparently will not stand. One of the ex-Kaiser's sons, Prince Oscar, is a possibility. So is Herr Hugenberg himself; Herr Hitler has not yet acquired German nationality. The odds are decidedly in favour of Hindenburg, who enjoys widespread popularity and respect even among the Opposition. He will have the support of the great mass of the Socialists and of a powerful body of ex-soldiers. The Stalhelm itself, violently Nationalist though it is, has so far been sitting on the fence.

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As the debate on the Tariff Bill proceeded, the speeches on the Government side increasingly showed that the measure has very little to do with the financial crisis. The case on its behalf was argued more and more in terms of the familiar theses of Protectionism, and less and less on the ground of any abnormality in the present situation. If there were no crisis, there might be rather fewer so-called Liberals voting in favour of the Bill; but it would be just the same Bill, and the Conservatives would be upholding it with almost precisely the same arguments. The country is embarking, in fact, on an ordinary protectionist policy which is obviously designed to be permanent; and the sole relation to it of the world crisis is that this has furnished the tariffists with an additional argument for the restriction of imports. Since the results of divisions in this Parliament are a foregone conclusion, the only practical interest in the next stage of the debate lies in seeing whether the Government will either yield to critics in its own ranks who want goods added to or removed from the free list, or agree to any safeguards for the consumer in connection with the powers and duties of the proposed Tariff Advisory Committee. The agricultural members are pressing for the inclusion of maize in the free list, on the ground that most of the supply comes from outside the Empire; but the Government is almost as unlikely to give way on this as the agriculturists are to oppose the Bill because of the refusal.

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More importance attaches to the attempts of the Labour Party and of Major Nathan's Free Trade group to secure safeguards for the consumers in connection with the work of the Advisory Committee. The vital issue here is whether the Committee is to do its work in private or in public, and whether any aggrieved person or group is to have a right to be heard. Obviously, the provision that duties must be ratified by Parliament will be of little value unless the case for and against them is made known in advance, so as to give public opinion a chance of making its weight felt before a decision is finally taken. The Advisory Committee, if it is to work in private, tendering confidential advice to the Government, and not obliged to take notice of the views of interested parties, will be a public danger. Of course, it will be argued that publicity will lead to undesirable political pressure; but the really undesirable pressure is that which is applied privately. There ought, moreover, to be some means of making the concession of protective duties conditional on public undertakings by the trades concerned, not to abuse their privileges by raising prices, and to accept and carry out any measures of reorganisation necessary in the interests of efficiency. Tariffs, if we are to have them, ought to be closely linked with measures of industrial reorganisation—a point which Major Attlee rightly stressed in his closing speech on Tuesday, when he asserted that, in this form, a Socialist Government might use a tariff to help a nationalised industry, or even a capitalist industry organised under public control.

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Major Attlee's speech was important, because it emphasised the fact that the Labour Party has no unconditional devotion to Free Trade, and objects to the Bill, not on *laisser faire* grounds, but because of its irrelevancy to the emergency, and its unsuitability as an instrument for the restoration of economic prosperity, as well as for its failure to protect the consumers' interests. It also served to remind the public that there are other possible forms of protection besides a tariff—methods for which in general there may be a stronger case. There will be a further chance of discussing this aspect of the question when the Wheat Quota Bill, in its revised form, is at length brought forward next week; and there are already rumours that the Government has in mind some similar arrangement for limiting the imports of pig's meat, subject to an improvement in the organisation of the pig industry at home. Meanwhile, pig's meat is on the excepted list, with wheat, other meat, raw cotton and wool, iron ore and scrap, pit-props, raw hides, wood pulp and newsprint, and a number of other commodities, making in all a rather longer list than Mr. Runciman and Mr. Chamberlain had led their hearers to expect—but not nearly long enough to prevent a serious rise in the cost of materials to a large number of British industries. The battle over steel has gone to the protectionists, except that Mr. Runciman's friends, the shipbuilders, are to keep their right to import foreign steel if they wish—a right less important in the actual exercise than as a bargaining asset against a rise in the price of British steel. Altogether, the Bill is a bad business, but some safeguards may still be inserted in committee.

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There is no reason why the Children and Young Persons Bill, which has passed its second reading in the House of Commons, should not be made in Committee into a really first-class piece of legislation. It does away with the trial for young children, and by abolishing "reformatories" and "industrial schools," and substituting one category of "approved schools," it clears the road for the proper classification of types of young delinquents. And classification is the root of the matter if the object is to prevent the manufacture of criminals. There are two main defects in the Bill. First, it does not make the "remand homes" to which the children are first sent into genuine observation centres. Secondly, it does not provide for the appointment of a qualified psychiatrist for each children's court. If neither of these things is done a great opportunity will have been missed. The experience of courts—Clark Hall's children's court in East London is the best known—where a trained psychological observer acts as "assessor" and the results obtained by the few voluntary observational clinics for delinquent children prove that a large part of juvenile delinquency can be accounted for and remedied by the use of a little expert intelligence.

* * *

So three supermen—Lord Bridgeman, Lord Plender, and Sir John Cadman—are to be given the job of telling the Government and the country how the Post Office ought to be run. Favourable as we are to a considerable change in the methods of Post Office administration, the personnel of the proposed Committee does not encourage us to hope for any good result. For Lord Plender, as an accountant, we have a high respect; and we have no quarrel with his appointment. But is Lord Bridgeman really the man to tackle a question of this sort? And are we wrong in supposing that Sir John Cadman and he are equally committed in advance to a strong disbelief in public enterprise? Moreover, ought there not to have been someone on the Committee more likely than any of these three to look at the problem from the standpoint of the postal workers? A politician, a business man, and an accountant form a lop-sided group without any counterpoise from the standpoint of the employee. And we fear that the present Committee will approach its task with a strong bias in favour of making the Post Office resemble as closely as possible a private business—which would be a good deal worse than the present mistake of treating it as an ordinary Civil Service department.

* * *

The London watermen's strike is over at last, after six weeks of hopeless resistance by the watermen to a settlement already accepted by the dockers and other grades at the port. The watermen never stood any chance of winning; if only because the port employers could not have given way without reopening the issue with all the other grades. Even if there were a case for reducing wages at all—which we are disposed to doubt—the watermen have a grievance of their own, and the strike may have served a useful purpose if, now that it is over, this grievance is put right. Strikes are bad things; but a strike or two just now may be salutary, if it serves to deter employers from embarking on an all-round policy of wage-reduction. It is not, for example, to be regretted that the weavers are still out at Burnley; for more advance has been made towards a sensible settlement of the "more-looms" dispute since the Burnley trouble came to a head than in months of talking before.

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The decision of the L.C.C. to build a new iron and steel bridge in place of Waterloo Bridge will be received by many without approval. It is likely to increase the traffic congestion in the Strand. But there is much to be said for the Council's decision, and this time it looks as if it will be a final decision. It is estimated that a new bridge will take five years to construct, anp that the alternative proposal of a one way bridge at the Temple as well as at Waterloo would take eight years, It is also claimed that, while only one major difficulty arises in regard to the approaches to Waterloo Bridge. Temple Bridge approaches would involve long negotiations and heavy expenditure. It has only been in deference to aesthetic opinion and in view of prospects that bridges might be built both at Charing Cross and at the Temple that the Council has delayed action so long. Now it is clear to everyone there is no chance of a bridge at Charing Cross. River opinion—why should there not be river opinion just as much as City opinion? —has lately hardened against a crossing of the river by a bridge at the Temple, and a new traffic directory system has disposed of some of the arguments against erecting a large bridge at Waterloo. The practical question is whether we possess any modern architects or engineers capable of producing a bridge to rival Rennie's undoubted masterpiece.

* * *

The warning to the film industry contained in the 1931 report of the British Board of Film Censors raises all the familiar problems of censorship. Mr. Shortt and his colleagues object very naturally to "horrors" and to the daring use of "sex" as an attraction to the cinema. Probably most of the films they turn down on these grounds are poor stuff. But censorship does more harm than good. The real social danger of the cinema is the general vapidity of Hollywood. To treat the public as if it were entirely composed of nitwits is a really serious crime. The most "degrading" films are often entirely "moral" in tone, while the film which was censored because it dealt with "thoroughly immoral men and women" may, for all we know to the contrary, have been a quite desirable picture. In the list of rejected films we see that one was turned down because of its "offensive political propaganda"—an alarming phrase. No, there is only one remedy. Bernard Shaw did more for the British stage by introducing ideas into the vacuum of the Victorian theatre than all the censors in the world could ever have done. It will be producers like M. René Clair who will end the dominance of Hollywood.

WAR OR PEACE IN ASIA

THE war clouds are blacker in the Far East. There is no slackening in the pressure of the Japanese at Shanghai; they have only been checked for the moment by the unexpected stubbornness of the Chinese defence. But reinforcements are pouring in—men, guns and tanks, aeroplanes and ships—and before these lines are in print the big offensive may have begun. On all the consequences of that we need not speculate here; it is enough to say that a Japanese victory would not mean the end of the adventure, the placation of the Chinese, or the security of foreign lives and interests. The provocation and the perils have become so acute and so undisguisable that the Council of the League of Nations has been goaded to stronger action—or, at least, stronger words—than any it has yet ventured on.

The Note which it has drawn up this week is still no more than a protest—indeed, no more in form than an appeal. But it marks a new policy; for it is not addressed, like its multifarious predecessors, to Japan and China, but to Japan alone. It does at long last stigmatise Japan as the aggressor. If the Council had had the honesty and the spunk to take this line a few months ago, things need never have come to the present pass. The original occupation of Manchuria was, as all the world knows despite the pretences of the Japanese and their abettors abroad, a "try-on" by the military party. It was not favoured by the Foreign Office in Tokio, or by the moderate elements in the Government and the country. It could have been nipped in the bud by M. Briand and his colleagues on the Council. But those guardians of international morality and peace, with incredible short-sightedness and pusillanimity—or worse—frittered away their opportunity. Their half-hearted resolutions consolidated the jingo spirit in Japan, reduced the Chinese to desperation, and encouraged the invader to come down from Mukden to Shanghai and strike at the vitals of his victim. Now, at the eleventh hour, it has become necessary to issue an ultimatum—or shall we call it a "pen-ultimatum"? For it looks as if the real ultimatum may come from the Assembly of the League, whose convocation China demands. Nobody denies China's right to make this demand, and it is, indeed, made by others. The executive of the League of Nations Union, which speaks for a great body of opinion of all political parties, has called on the British Government, in concert with the United States and the members of the League to take prompt action under the Covenant.

What, then, will the Assembly do? It is logically and morally bound in all the circumstances to declare Japan a violator of the Covenant and to call for the putting into force of Article XVI. Efforts will no doubt be made to prevent such a decision, but if they are successful, the League will be a self-confessed sham. If they fail, if sanctions are decided on, grave complications are threatened. Sanctions may mean an embargo on the export of arms, an economic boycott, the refusal of financial facilities, the withdrawal of diplomatic representatives—all or any of these measures. Dare we apply them? It would involve war, we are told—the Japanese themselves say so. They would immediately retort with an attack on all the ports of China, and even on Singapore. Does Great Britain, or America, or any other Power want to fight Japan? Can any of us afford to fight Japan? To these questions there are several answers. Emphatically we do not want war. But we do not take all the rumours and protestations that come from Tokio or Fleet Street at their face value. We do not believe that united action by the League States and America would be forcibly opposed by Japan. On the contrary, it would almost certainly bring her to her senses, and it is, in fact, the only effective way of bringing her to her senses. Japanese public opinion has put on a brazen front, but it remains, as it has always been, sensitive to the judgment of the world. And from a practical point of view the question is not merely whether the world can afford to fight Japan. It is whether Japan can afford to fight the world. Her domestic position is not very happy; her commerce is already hard hit, and her finances are strained. Her armies and fleets can cut a dash for a day or two or a week or two. But against a concentrated economic pressure they could hope for nothing but a Pyrrhic victory. And the Japanese do not want Pyrrhic victories; they are realists.

Nor is this all. Suppose that there is a risk in the League and America defending the treaties. Suppose that Japan might be mad enough to fight such a united police force. Is that the only risk confronting us? Surely the Japanese arms and Japanese diplomacy are menacing not China alone but all the Powers whose nationals are living and trading in China. At this very moment Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen—every foreigner in Shanghai—are going in peril of their lives. A bomb or two in the International Settlement may at any instant make a *casus belli;* already British subjects have been wounded and killed there. Nor, if such accidents are glossed over, and the Japanese succeed in accomplishing their purpose at Shanghai, is there any guarantee of peace and security in the future. What are the prospects of trade and industry in China in face of the passive resistance and boycott that the outraged Chinese people could and would devote themselves to? It is, in short, imperative not merely for the sake of justice and decency among nations, but in the material interest of every one of us in the Far East, that a halt should be called to this aggression. The danger of acting in concert is a bagatelle. The dangers of going on doing nothing are immense.

The withdrawal of the Japanese forces from Shanghai will not, of course, settle the whole problem; there still remains Manchuria. The Japanese have no legal or moral claims to be there (except in the railway zone), and they ought not to stay. But it will be hard to get them out, for behind all their talk of treaty-rights, banditry and the rest there lies the hard fact of economic necessity. Those who want to know what Manchuria means to Japan should look at the book which has just come out, *Manchuria: The Cockpit of Asia*, by Colonel Etherton and H. Hessell Tiltman (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.). These "Three Provinces" of China, covering an area as great as that of Britain and France together, are as yet undeveloped and thinly peopled. Japan does not desire to people them with her own subjects, for the climate is unsuitable. But she is set on developing their vast resources—the minerals, the oil, the coal, the soya beans and the cereals—for the benefit of her hungry and over-crowded population at home. And she is the more set on it because, with the Exclusion Laws of America and Australia, she can find no natural outlet for her masses. Add to this her imperialistic ambitions and the value of Manchuria as a strategic base, and it is not hard to understand her anxiety to control it by fair means or foul. The extension or tightening of her control would be bitterly resisted by the Chinese, and it would be contrary to the policy of this country, as stated quite explicitly by Sir Austen Chamberlain on several occasions in 1928. If it were achieved it would be ominous for all the Far East, and a way out must be found. But the immediate task is to stop the mischief at Shanghai; and there is no means of stopping that, and the greater mischiefs that will follow, except the veto of the League Powers and America. It is not a case for independent action by Great Britain or by the United States, but these two must evidently lead, and lead in unison. We only hope that somebody or something will put a little stiffening into our Foreign Secretary; for there are times—and this is one of them—when discretion, as Sir John Simon appears to understand it, is not the better part of valour.

"A NATIONAL LABOUR PARTY"?

The following article represents the view of a supporter of the National Labour Party. Next week we hope to publish a reply from an opponent.—Ed. N.S. & N.

SOMETHING must be wrong with a Party which loses two hundred and thirty-five seats, something more than the mere mishandling of one crisis, however acute the crisis and however thorough the mishandling. And what is wrong with Labour is evident. It has ceased to be a national Party.

In this connection it is important to remember that it was as a national Party that the Labour Party was founded. Keir Hardie and the Socialist pioneers repeatedly warned their public that Labour was to include "all who render useful service . . . whether by the pen or the spade" and was to aim at "the industrial interests of the whole community", not "merely of those working men who are Trade Unionists." The Party was to be based, no doubt, like all other parties, upon class-interest, but, as with all other parties which have survived, class-interest, though preponderant, was not to be exclusive. Unfortunately, instead of a national Socialism intent on modernising society, as Keir Hardie put it, in the interests "of all who render useful service," there gradually developed a sectional Labourism, usually content to let the existing system be, provided it were allowed to rake out of it, in dole or pension, the maximum cash benefit for manual workers. This narrow Labourism has been defended as "legislation of the ambulance" and it was often desperately needed; but it was inevitably limited by the steadily contracting resources of the present system, and it was naturally destitute of appeal to all but manual workers. And Socialism, let it not be forgotten, with the schemes for nation-wide scientific modernisation which can be used to attract support from all who "render useful service," necessarily involves also a far more permanent and effective succour to the economically depressed. In spite however of the new constitution of 1918, in spite of the influence of Mr. MacDonald and others, there can be no doubt that the mass of the Party was deeply infected by the Labourist virus when the crisis broke upon it last August. Indeed Mr. MacDonald accomplished one of his most striking achievements in contriving to introduce at least seven Socialist measures during the last Labour administration. But both among Labour Members of Parliament and with the rank and file of the Party the strictly Labourist issues of dole or pension aroused ten times as much enthusiasm as any constructive approach to a better ordered society. And the Left wing itself, with its preference for wealth redistribution—Family Endowments and Living Wages—to constructive change, was usually more Labourist, and not more Socialist, than the main body. The crisis, when it came, was as exactly fitted as the climax of a Greek tragedy to raise the issue between Socialism and Labourism at its ugliest. Mr. MacDonald remained true to the nation—and to Socialism. Mr. Henderson and his scurry of ex-Ministers preferred the apparently safe path of dole, Labourism and "these gentlemen are our bosses." The result was inevitably electoral extinction. The working-classes themselves had no use for a Labour Party which had shrivelled overnight into a Trade Union caucus.

Can Labour revive? Only by becoming once more what it was meant to be, a national Party. The too familiar incantations of "closer connection with the industrial wing," "working-class solidarity" lead now only to the valley of dead bones. There are countries, it is true, whose electoral systems ensure government not by great parties, but by shifting combinations of diminutive factions and in such countries Labour can afford to remain rigidly sectional and "class-conscious," a permanently irresponsible minority. But not here. The British electorate will not long concern itself closely with a Party which manifestly has no prospect of commanding an effective majority in Parliament. And neither purely Trade Union support nor even purely working-class support can provide an effective majority in Parliament, not even if the working class vote were cast almost unanimously for Labour, which it never has been and never will be as long as Labour is apparently dominated by a Trade Union caucus which a considerable proportion of the working class cordially mistrusts. For, thanks to its concentration in certain areas, in more than half the constituencies the working class vote represents less than half the electorate. So that, though it was largely upon ethical grounds that Keir Hardie and the pioneers preached their creed as a gospel of national, and not merely sectional, well-being, to-day for utilitarian reasons alone it is true that merely sectional policies are doomed.

The chief political issue of the near future will not be the tariff. That issue is already virtually settled—fortunately for Labour, which has ceased even to pretend to have one mind upon it. Still less will it be the dole. The policy of Robin Hood is dead. No more can be wrung from the existing economic system. Moreover, with the present system foundering, and all classes in peril of going down together in the same swiftly filling vessel, there is little magic left in the ancient cry for further cash redistributions among the crew. What is awaited with growing impatience is a plan for saving the entire ship's company from the waves. And accordingly it seems clear that political controversy in the near future is likely to centre round what may be called "Socialism from above." For "Socialism from below," which brought the factory inspector, the national schoolmaster and the gas mains, is complete. And that Socialism from above which must one day intelligently control the nation's economic life, visibly advances to the front of the political stage. Indeed, the pattern to which—with every variety of deviation in detail—the controlling bodies of the future seem likely to approximate has already, in the public utility corporation, been given us by an anti-Socialist Government. As this process approaches the key positions in the economic structure, resistance will harden. Here a determining and victorious part could be played by a national Labour and Socialist Party.

For, as the conflict widens into the struggle for an intelligent direction of national economic life in the interest of the nation, not only miner, docker and railwayman, but teachers and clergymen, civil servants, officers, and professional men, with the vast army of salaried employees of industry and commerce—in a word Keir Hardie's "all who render useful service"—must be vitally concerned. The political alignment of the future will be, not the struggle which Marx prophesied of haves against have-nots, but of that vast majority of the nation which lives by "rendering useful service" against those whom Keir Hardie called "parasites" and whom we call "profiteers." The struggle which the pioneers dimly foresaw—across the inevitable interval of the effort for extended social services—is about to begin.

Thus will arrive the last and greatest opportunity for Labour to unite manual and non-manual workers in one national Party. Nor need it be supposed that the non-manual worker—who naturally took little interest in that old struggle to expand the social services which to him meant merely higher taxation—cannot be successfully appealed to in the cause of a deliberate extension of public control in the public interest. Would this not be harmonious with the whole mental outlook and standards of the professional and semi-professional classes? The professions indeed—with their refusal to advertise, to exploit the labour of others for their own profit or to turn their own scientific discoveries into monopolies—are in a sense the model upon which Socialists have laid their plans for reorganising industry. Need it be so difficult to interest professional men—as well as wage-earners—in those plans? Again, these gradual extensions of the public interest would mean to non-manual and directive workers as *producers* the wider scope which must accompany the release from the mean preoccupation with dividends; it would mean improved status and security and (as the Coal Industry Commission Report showed) a better average of salary. As *consumers* they would gain, with every other class, from the increased cheapness and efficiency of production. Surely for the Party whose survival depends upon striking a national note a national note will not be so difficult to strike?

The alternative to a national Party is a mere Parliamentary group fettered to antiquated and now purposeless sectional interests and condemned to the defiant irresponsibility of a permanent minority. Such seems to be the objective of Labour's present leaders. They are abetted by the structure of the Party, which was determined thirty years ago by the generous concessions originally made to the Unions when Socialism could not, as it now might, stand, without "the Labour alliance," upon its own feet. Trade Unions determine policy through the card-vote system at Conferences, monopolise the lion's share of safe Parliamentary seats and finance numerous members of Parliament whom they sometimes expect to defer to them rather than to Parliament or the electorate. A free national Party needs to loosen, if not to strike off, these now antiquated fetters. Political allegiances are fluid as they have never been before. A revived national Socialism, preaching a scientific modernisation of the economic system in the interests of "all who render useful service," might raise Labour from impotence to lasting power within a decade.

GODFREY ELTON.

A LONDON DIARY

THE Archbishop of York's very courageous sermon at Geneva has been followed by an interesting controversy in the *Times*. "War guilt" is always a good subject for historical argument: it is rare for "aggression" to be clear-cut and indisputable as it is in the case of Japan's bombardment of Shanghai. But one would have thought that the Archbishop's main point was incontrovertible. He argued that the relationship of national States for centuries before 1914 was essentially an anti-social and anti-Christian one, and that, therefore, all shared in the responsibility for the disaster that came out of that relationship. "We have to ask not only who dropped the match, but who had strewn the ground with gunpowder." Viewed in historical perspective—let alone in a Christian spirit of forgiveness—it is untruthful as well as un-Christian to attempt to fasten the whole guilt on Germany, which in effect the Treaty of Versailles does, and to attempt to justify reparations on the basis of a clause dictated to the vanquished by the victors.

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This argument brought Lord Cushendun hot into the fray. His letter to the *Times* was both arrogant and ignorant. England, he declared "was absolutely free from war guilt in 1914." Those who framed the Treaty of Versailles "knew the facts a great deal better than the Archbishop" and would not consent to a revision of the treaty which would "(by implication) falsify history." Now what about the history? Is there any historian of repute who would doubt these propositions? (1) War has regularly occurred and must occur whenever you have armed States, claiming to be "sovereign," forming defensive and offensive alliances against each other, acknowledging no law except that of the jungle, claiming the right to be judges and executioners in their own cause. (2) This was the situation in Europe for about four centuries before 1914. (3) In Europe immediately before the war the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente were armed against one another: "realists" especially in military, naval and diplomatic circles in each country (Sir Eyre Crowe's famous Memorandum is a good example of the official attitude in England) were expecting and preparing for war. In these circumstances crisis after crisis occurred: we nearly had war in 1908 over Bosnia and were nearer still when we took the French side against Germany in the Morocco dispute. (4) In the actual crisis of 1914 one may endlessly dispute about which Great Power was the most reckless. There is no case against England during the final weeks. Lord Grey worked whole-heartedly for peace. But he had himself already effectively deprived England of freedom and power to keep peace by permitting naval and military arrangements with France and Russia, which would have brought us into the war whether Germany invaded Belgium or not.

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A member of the British Cabinet in 1914 told me not long ago that he vividly remembered the unspeakable relief he felt when Germany invaded Belgium. The folly of Germany provided British Ministers with a reason for war which could be explained to the public. The real reason—our close understanding with France and Russia and the fact that, as a Great Power, we could not permit France to be defeated by Germany—would not have satisfied public opinion and would have led to awkward questions about these secret commitments, some of which were not known by many members of the Cabinet itself until the crisis. As for the other Powers, Austrian recklessness was flagrant. She had a strong case against Servia, but her insistance on war after her harsh terms were accepted by Servia proved that she intended, at all costs, to banish for good and all the menace to the Austrian Empire involved in the greater Jugoslavian movement. The case against Germany is that the military authorities were too strong for the Chancellor: that she backed Austria and only tried to call her off when the military authorities in her own country, in Austria and in Russia were completely out of hand. But if it had not been for Russia's premature mobilisation (carried out, as we now know, against the Tsar's orders) war might have been averted at the eleventh hour.

* * *

Obviously, the real moral of all this is that though some Governments were more clear-headed or more reckless or more subject to military influence than others, "war guilt" rests not on particular individuals or nations, but upon the "international anarchy." The nations were like a set of gangsters, sitting in a room each with a loaded gun. Someone was bound to shoot first and certain to argue that he was only doing so in self-defence because someone else was on the point of shooting him or his pal.

* * *

I wonder how many people are aware of the plight of ten people whom the Government deported from Cyprus after the riots last autumn. I am not talking about the 2,679 people who were convicted after the riots or of the 304 who are still on remand in the island, but of the ten men who were deported (only one of them with any warning) to this country. The ten include the Arch-priest and two Bishops, a merchant, two lawyers and a dentist. The merchant's capital was confiscated and he cannot earn a living in England. The two lawyers have Greek degrees which are no use outside Greece. The two Bishops and the Arch-priest obviously cannot function except in a Greek-Christian country. The dentist has been offered a job in Athens and has a Greek qualification. This does not help him much in England—especially since, like most of the other deportees, he does not speak English. All of them have asked permission of the Colonial Office to go to Greece. The reply was a good bit of official irony. They are graciously permitted, if they wish, to go out of England, on condition that they do not go to Greece!

* * *

The Sunday programmes of the B.B.C. have long been something of a joke. It seemed to be thrusting religion upon one to have both the Regional and National wavelengths almost exclusively devoted to various brands of orthodoxy. One very patient listener explained to me that by a little manipulation she had found it possible to pass a profitable Sunday evening with the wireless. She found the singing in the Nonconformist service terribly dreary and the drawling voice (she put it more strongly) of a particular Anglican priest altogether exasperating. But by switching backwards and forwards she continued to get the Anglican music, which she thought not at all bad, and the Nonconformist sermon, which she thought good sense. Sir John Reith now promises greater variety on Sundays and, in particular, the best talks of the week for Sunday evenings. Clearly, there ought always to be a choice on Sundays between a religious and a not religious programme. Perhaps Sir John has remembered Bernard Shaw's remark that we should not always do to others what we would they should do to us, because tastes differ.

* * *

Publishers are becoming increasingly alive to the fact that there is a new public wanting serious stuff (especially about economics and about foreign affairs), but wanting it cheap and lively. The result is a bevy of pamphlets. There is a "Hobby-Horse" series published by Desmond Harmsworth. The first three numbers deal with gold, disarmament and the possibility of future prosperity. The new Criterion Miscellany pamphlets are both economic. Then there is *War Debts and Reparations: What they are; Why they Must be Cancelled*, by G. D. H. Cole and R. S. Postgate, a pamphlet published by this journal at the price of sixpence. It contains as much matter as many a book sold at 5s., and some of the tables, simply set out to show the effect of the changes in the value of money, will be staggering to people who do not know how we have been shifting the economic burden since the war. It is a very unemotional pamphlet: but its calm account of the various ways in which we are committing economic suicide makes my flesh creep.

* * *

I have a large box at home full of newspaper cuttings, mostly of the war period. I have often thought of publishing some of them—just to remind people what they could say when they were very drunk. Mr. Hamish Miles has had the same idea. *A War Museum* (Here and Now Pamphlets. Wishart. 1s.) contains fifty-three choice exhibits. There are some gorgeous things from *John Bull* and the *Daily Mail*, but the most comic come from the very respectable and top-hatted sources. I like the *Times* correspondent on the Russian front (Sept 24th, 1914), who wrote;

> I met to-day a young officer from the front . . . .
> "Well, what is it like out there?"
> "How do we fight? Oh, splendid. The forward movement is accomplished singing. The Germans seem distressed by the songs of the Russians as they fight."

CRITIC.

THE DOUGLAS THEORY

It is now more than a dozen years since Major C. H. Douglas first launched on the world his theories about credit and prices; and it must at least be conceded to him and his disciples that his doctrine has shown both considerable vitality and a capacity to attract fresh followers. More than once it has seemed on the point of disappearance; but always it has revived again, and its pertinacious advocates have given the politicians and the professional economists no rest. They even complain that there is a conspiracy of silence against them; and they are right to the extent that a good many of us, having made up our minds that the Douglasites' central thesis is a piece of nonsense, would willingly dismiss the subject, and say no more about it. But it is the strength of the Douglasites that they will not let us dismiss it. No sooner have we refuted them to our own satisfaction than they begin buzzing round us again, complaining that they are being ignored, and that it is only wilful obscurantism on our part that causes us to refrain from talking about them.

The essential doctrine of Douglasism seems to be that the present economic system is so constructed as to cause perpetually a deficiency of purchasing power. There is not, they say, enough money generated in the course of the productive process to buy all the goods that are being produced. But it is no remedy merely for prices to fall; for if they do, they will fall below costs, and production be stopped or cut down. Nor is it any remedy merely to increase the supply of money, unless we can do this in such a way as to add to purchasing power without adding to costs. In fact, the Douglasites contend, there ought to be both a fall in prices and an increase in the supply of money; and these two apparently incompatible objects can be reconciled if we go about the matter in the right way, applying the new money so as to reduce, or reimburse, costs instead of increasing them, and to add directly to consumers' incomes instead of advancing the money, as the banks now do, by way of repayable credits to producers.

The whole of this argument turns on the initial assumption that the present economic system constantly tends to generate less purchasing power than is required for the purchase of current products at prices sufficient to cover costs (including profits to the producers). How does Major Douglas think this deficiency of purchasing power arises? He has given his explanation in different forms at different times. But it seems to come to this. In any given factory the total sum distributed in wages, rent, interest, profits—in any kind of personal income—is bound to be less than the total price of the factory's products. This must be so, because the factory has to recover in prices not only the amounts which it distributes in incomes, but also the amounts it pays away for materials or for any outside goods used up in production, and the amounts it needs to set aside in respect of depreciation, insurances and other charges. If this, says Major Douglas, is true of any one factory, it must be true of all, and of the whole economic system.

This statement rests on a confusion of thought. For though it is true that the prices of the goods produced in *any* factory must exceed the personal incomes distributed by it in the course of production, it is not in the least necessary for all the goods in question to be bought out of personal incomes. If the factory is producing, not consumable goods, but raw materials or instruments of production, the purchasers of these will be, to a great extent, not the recipients of personal incomes, but the factories which need them for use in further production. The prices of the consumable goods include as costs the prices of these intermediate goods, and there need be no deficiency of purchasing power if all the producers of all the goods have enough purchasing power to buy the consumable goods only. (I am for the moment ignoring for the sake of simplicity the fact that a part of the personal incomes is applied by way of saving to the purchase of additional instruments of production.)

The answer given by Major Douglas and his followers is that the incomes which accrued to the producers of the non-consumable goods which reappear in the final products have been spent on consumption goods before, and often long before, the particular consumption goods made with the aid of these particular non-consumable goods reach the market. Therefore, the purchasing power which went to the producers of the latter is no longer available to buy the former. They invoke the time factor.

This contention is perfectly true of a particular batch of goods taken in isolation. But to take such a batch in this way is to present a quite misleading picture; for under normal conditions a fresh supply of purchasing power, in respect of a fresh supply of new consumable goods, is being distributed, and is available to buy the consumable goods currently on the market. Consequently, provided that industry maintains an even flow of production, no deficiency of purchasing power need arise from this source.

But, they retort, industry does not maintain an even flow; and the reasons for its failure to do this are what we are trying to explain. True; but on this showing Douglasism tries to prove too much. For, if the economic system were such as to generate continuously a deficient supply of purchasing power, production would not be uneven, but would long ago have ceased to exist at all. It would be a question of explaining, not the alternation of booms and slumps, but the complete breakdown of industry.

At this point the Douglasites bring in the factor of bank credit. This would happen, they seem to argue, unless production were kept going through the recurrent stimulus of additional purchasing power constantly created, and as constantly again destroyed, by the banks. They brush aside the contention of orthodox bankers that they do not create credit out of nothing, but only transfer idle deposits left with them by the public to borrowers willing to make use of them. In this they are undoubtedly right up to a point; for bankers have never been able to show that the amounts they lend are limited to the amounts of idle purchasing power deposited with them. The bankers themselves cannot know how much idle purchasing power, apart from bank credits, really has been deposited; for the granting of a credit itself usually creates an additional deposit. We may therefore accept the contention that bankers can, and do on occasion, create credits out of nothing, though it is fully possible that at other times they are lending less than the idle money in their keeping.

Moreover, when bankers do create credits, the effect is to create additional purchasing power, which is then passed on, through successive transactions, into the pockets of all sorts of people. It is a matter of agreement that a very large creation of credits by the banks can cause an increase in prices, or a restriction of bank credit a fall in prices. But this is not the Douglasites' point. Their contention appears to be that the credits granted by the banks in the form of loans are constantly being destroyed as these loans are repaid, so that the deficiency of purchasing power is constantly reappearing.

To this it may be replied that, if at any time the community is actually using a given volume of bank credit, the contraction of this volume will, of course, create a temporary deficiency of purchasing power in relation to the available current supply of goods at the current prices, whereas an increase in bank credit will tend to the opposite effect of a redundancy of purchasing power. The first situation will be met partly by a fall in prices and partly by a decrease of production; the second will tend to cause both increased production and also rising prices, at any rate, until there is time for the increased product to reach the market. This is all familiar enough; but it demonstrates not an inherent tendency of the economic system to generate a deficiency of purchasing power, but rather that the current levels of prices are based on the supply of purchasing power (including bank credits) to which the community has become acclimatised. The point that the bank credits are constantly being repaid and cancelled is of no relevance as long as the banks issue new credits in place of those which are cancelled.

There is, in truth, no tendency in the economic system to a *continuous* deficiency of purchasing power to buy at current prices the goods which are actually being produced. The Douglasite assertion that such a tendency exists is based on sheer confusion of thought. But there is a continuous dependence of the economic system on the maintenance of a steady supply of bank credit to which it has become acclimatised; and a restrictive bank policy is bound to lead to decreased production and to unemployment. Moreover, while the supply of purchasing power generated in the course of production does, contrary to the Douglasite view, normally suffice to buy the goods which are being actually produced, there is no assurance at all that it is sufficient to buy the quantity of goods which industry is *technically capable of producing*. This distinction between production and potential productivity is the vital factor which the Douglasite analysis leaves out of account. For if, for any reason, such as a restriction of bank credit, production is once damped down, there is no tendency to distribute enough purchasing power to bring about a revival.

We have, then, to look for the flaw in the economic system not in a constantly active tendency for purchasing power to fall behind costs of production, but rather in an intermittent tendency for the demand for goods to get out of equilibrium with the supply. And here, I think, Mr. J. A. Hobson's analysis still holds the field. Mr. Hobson alleges that, under conditions of prosperous industrial activity, too large a proportion of the total income generated in production flows to the richer classes, with the result that the attempt is made to " save " too large a part of the total national income. This " saving " takes the form of investment in instruments of production, which depend for their value and use on an expansion of consumers' demand sufficient to absorb the increased output of consumers' goods. " Saving," pushed too far, thus becomes self-destructive, owing to the failure of consumers' demand. The result is that profits, and therewith production, are depressed; and capital has to be written off until a balance is restored. The situation in which " over-saving " is taking place may present the appearance of a deficiency of purchasing power; but it is really the result of an application of purchasing power to the wrong economic uses.

Yet the Douglasite theory makes, to many minds, an almost irresistible appeal. It does this, both because it fastens on the fact that under-production, in relation to human needs, is a common occurrence, and because it stresses the dependence of the economic system on the supply of bank credit, and accordingly on the expansionist or deflationary policy pursued by the banks. At both these points, the Douglasites are evidently putting their figure on something radically amiss in our existing economic arrangements. But why, in order to explain these stigmata

of the present economic system, uphold the thesis of a constant tendency for production to outrun capacity to consume the entire product at current prices? The hold of Douglasism over the minds of its votaries is, however, easily intelligible. For, though there is not a constant deficiency of purchasing power to buy what is actually produced, there is a recurrent tendency for consumers' demand to fall behind the capacity to produce. And, while the fact that bank credits are cancelled by repayment when their work has been done is of no significance as long as fresh credits are being created in their place on a sufficient scale, the power of bankers to set inflationary or deflationary tendencies in motion does invest them with so great an influence as it is obviously unsafe to leave uncontrolled. The Douglasite diagnosis and the Douglasite remedies are mostly nonsense; but Douglasism appeals because it does direct its attack upon the most vulnerable points of the present economic system. Its approach to economic problems is preferable to the complacent orthodoxy of those who refuse even to admit the existence of a flaw in the world's financial arrangements.

G. D. H. COLE.

ORANGE-EATING

I WAS travelling in the same compartment of a train as an eminent politician the other day when, during a halt at a station, he bought a cup of tea and an orange from a girl on the platform. First he drank the tea, and then he peeled the rind off the orange and threw the pieces into the empty cup. I have often wondered why it is that so pleasant a fruit as an orange should, when peeled, emit so detestable an odour. Look at a heap of oranges in a fruiterer's shop, and what spectacle could be more charming? Their smell, too, is undeniably fragrant. Why, then, is it that, as soon as a human thumb has dug itself into the rind and torn off a few inches of that lovely coating, an odious gas seems to escape, drowning even the smell of tobacco in a stuffy smoking-compartment? Nearly all fruits are admittedly difficult to eat with decency in public. The grape has a skin and seeds to be got rid of. The apple has an unseemly core. The pear can be messy. A banana-skin makes any plate look untidy. But I do not know any other fruit that, if it is peeled, defiles the atmosphere in the same way as an orange.

No doubt it was the unpleasantness of the peeled-orange that led to the custom of cutting the fruit in halves and drinking the juice from a spoon. In this way we escape the escape of gas, and the orange-eater inflicts no wrong on his neighbour. I am inclined to favour the introduction of a law that would make this method of eating oranges compulsory—at least in public places and vehicles. There are many people who cannot endure the smell of tobacco, and for their sakes those of us who smoke are herded into separate compartments in the trains and threatened with fines if we smoke in any other compartment. We are forbidden to smoke in most of the theatres. We are furiously criticised for smoking even in the music-halls where permission to smoke has always been one of the chief attractions. Yet who would dream of suggesting that the smell of a cigarette causes half the annoyance that is caused by the smell of a peeled orange? Even many non-smokers—such as myself at the age of nine—find the smell of tobacco delightful. Yet I have never heard of an orange-eater who realised that orange-eating is something that ought to be done in solitude. I remember a venerable pipe-smoker, a theological professor, who told me of a significant conflict with an orange-eater in a train in Australia. Finding that he had jumped into a non-smoking compartment, he addressed a gentleman sitting opposite him and said: "I hope you don't mind if I smoke." The gentleman scowled at him and said: "I do object most strongly. People who want to smoke ought to travel in a smoking compartment." The point was a sound one, the reasoning unanswerable, and my friend endured mile after mile of travel in the agony that is known to none but the pipe-smoker deprived of the liberty to smoke. At the end of many miles the non-smoking gentleman opened a paper bag, took out an orange and began to peel it. My friend, who was a fiery little man with grey whiskers, darted his hand forward, "I object," he cried. The man with the orange paused in his peeling and looked at him as though he were a lunatic, "What do you mean?" he asked. "I object," said my friend emphatically, "to your eating oranges in this compartment. I see no notice on the wall saying that this is a compartment for eating oranges. I find the smell of oranges most offensive. If you wish to eat oranges in the train, you should travel in a special compartment." The man protested that he had a right to eat an orange in any part of the train he chose, but my friend asked him to point out any rule or regulation that allowed a passenger to eat an orange if any other passenger objected. Being a theologian, he was able to invent a number of elaborate arguments to prove that in such cases an orange-eater was committing a nuisance and was making himself liable to serious penalties. In any case, he said he would call the guard at the next stop and lodge a complaint. Seeing that the man was weakening under his impetuous attack, however, he proposed to compromise—that the man should be allowed to eat his orange and that he himself should be allowed to smoke. The exhausted orange-eater threw up the sponge. "Have it your own way," he growled. He went over and sat in the far corner and continued to peel his orange. The theological professor ecstatically plunged his hand into his pocket, and brought out his pipe and his pouch.

That incident I am afraid will not commend itself to certain moralists who, not being smokers, do not understand the deeper and subtler problems of ethics. If ethics are to be identified with railway company by-laws, then I admit that my friend was gravely in the wrong. But I am not prepared to make this identification. It seems to me that ethics transcend the by-laws of railway companies, and that my friend, though his methods were slightly irregular, was fighting for a far more exalted conception of justice between man and man than any railway company has ever thought of. My friend, indeed, was generous as well as just in his final proposal. He did not insist, as he might well have insisted, that orange-eating should be regarded as a worse offence than smoking. All that he demanded was absolute equality between smoker and orange-eater. I should like to draw the attention of Sir Josiah Stamp to the fact that that equality has not yet been established on the railway system under his control.

I have my own theory of how it came about that Englishmen have during all these centuries been permitted to peel and eat oranges in public almost without a protest. The orange is even to-day regarded as a medicinal fruit, and it is my opinion that in the seventeenth century, when its consumption in public places was most general, the gas that escapes when it is peeled was believed to have disinfecting properties. Stories of Nell Gwynn and the orange-sellers in the theatres provide romantic splashes of colour in the history of the time, but in the century of the Plague they were probably appreciated, not chiefly as dispensers of beautiful luxuries, but as sellers of little balls of poison-gas which a human being, but not a germ, could survive. I do not know whether the orange-sellers still make the round of the gallery in any of the theatres, but they were noisy in my own youth and, no doubt, saved many a life from the effects of the foul air. All the first plays I saw were acted to the smell of oranges and the sound of spitting. The cry of the orange-sellers sometimes even overlapped with the acting. A friend of mine declares that, on the first occasion on which he saw *Hamlet* from a seat in the gallery, the hoarse whisper of an orange-seller went on through the entire performance, so that Hamlet's most most famous soliloquy was turned into a duet. "To be or not to be: that is the question," said Hamlet. "Oranges, sweet oranges, three a penny," whispered the boy with the basket. "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer, The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or to take arms against a sea of troubles. And, by opposing, end them," continued Hamlet. "Oranges, sweet oranges, three a penny," the whisper insinuated itself into the pause. Never did Hamlet draw breath for an instant but the whisper filled the empty space like the burden of a song. "Soft you now! The fair Ophelia!" exclaimed Hamlet, and the boy duly whispered the response, "Oranges, sweet oranges, three a penny."

We have become more irritable in recent years, and many people nowadays could not enjoy *Hamlet* with such a running whisper of interruption. We are all for making the arts solemn instead of serious, and are so sensitive that even applause or laughter during the performance offends us. An Elizabethan playgoer, returning to earth and visiting some of the modern theatres, would probably imagine that he had strayed by mistake into a Puritan assembly. I foresee a time when the audiences in theatres will be kept in order by warders like prisoners, and will be forbidden to talk during the intervals for fear of spoiling the artistic effect of the play. Yet plays were enjoyed in the old days amid orange-eaters and loud-spitters, with everybody applauding and laughing as they pleased, as heartily as they are enjoyed to-day. I confess I rather liked the smell of orange peel when I was a boy because I associated it with the theatre. Can it be that I have changed, or is it that oranges have developed a more powerful and offensive odour in the meantime? I suspect that it is I who have changed. Still I find it difficult to imagine that there was ever a time when I should have liked being in a railway compartment in which oranges were being eaten. The offence is rank: it smells to Heaven. If ever I get a chance of voting against that eminent politician, I intend to do so. Y. Y.

A FABLE FOR THE CONFERENCE

SIX learned doctors, so 'tis said,
Were gathered round a patient's bed
In solemn conclave. Each was sure
Of having found a perfect cure
For his disease—esteemed till then
As quite incurable—and when
The consultation opened, each
Proceeded in persuasive speech
His diagnosis to expound
And prove that he alone had found
A remedy, while all the rest
Could offer palliatives at best.
On some ingredients they agreed;
But none were ready to proceed
With steps to ease the patient's pain
Until, by demonstration plain,
Their learned colleagues were persuaded
To take the self-same view as they did
Of how to make the cure complete;
Till, with some pardonable heat
The patient cried, "Good Sirs, I fear
The ills I've suffered many a year
Will not be banished in a day.
I note with pleasure all you say
Of final cure, but crave in chief
For some immediate relief,
Lest, by the time that cure is found,
I should be dead and under ground."

The folks who, at Geneva, quarrel
For "principles," may draw the moral.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE BLESSINGS OF WAR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The remarks of Mr. Western on the conception of war as a blessing in the minds of many poor persons are of extreme interest and importance. This idea is not mistaken. Even taking into account the many dislocations and disadvantages attendant on a war, still, during the period 1914–1918 many people enjoyed a standard of living hitherto unknown to them. As Mr. Hattersley has pointed out in his book, *This Age of Plenty*, "wartime brings to millions a prosperity unknown in days of peace," mainly because "in time of war financial policy has to bow to national necessity." Again, Major Douglas, in *Control and Distribution of Production*, rightly points out that "war . . . is not the greatest of all evils. A greater evil would be the unchecked operation in a helpless world of those causes of which war is an effect." A statement which has just been strikingly endorsed by Senator Borah, who doubts whether the World War itself has entailed greater misery or more agony of heart and mind than the present crisis.

During the late war the gold standard was quickly abandoned. Credit was rapidly created and rapidly consumed. In fact, as production was intensified, so was credit created to cover it. The fact that this credit is represented by internal and external debts is of little importance, since this is due to a misunderstanding of the nature of such credit, and also it is extremely unlikely that these debts will ever be completely liquidated. Again, many key industries were nationalised, controlled and developed, and the large majority of the people devoted all their energy to a common aim and end. Imagine the possibilities of such co-operation; such rapid production and distribution, in a world not hampered by blockades and military operations!

Surely if there is any propaganda crying out to be undertaken it is in favour of organising for peace as we do for war. At the moment war has all the advantage in this way, and it is not very surprising that many people give only a half-hearted support to the vague and lukewarm peace proposals which come from Geneva and elsewhere. We have recently been told that we are in a state of crisis, and no thinking person will deny that this is so. It would, therefore, appear to be sensible to accept this as a challenge and make an immediate effort to reorganise and utilise our financial and industrial resources in order to defeat our common enemy—social and economic stagnation.

4A Lauderdale Buildings, J. H. COX.
E.C.1.

CHINA AND JAPAN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Would you permit an old British Far Eastern hand to offer a few observations on this disturbing situation?

Considering its size and population, China was once the best governed and most peaceful country in the world. No one knew how it was done, but the result was there for all to see, and foreigners who did business in China could go everywhere with the utmost safety. To-day there is no law or order in China, but instead, according to the latest Chinese figures, the truly awful condition of two million marauding soldiers, one hundred and fifty million unemployed and twenty million starving. Southern Manchuria, on the other hand, has shown a record of development which has perhaps never been equalled in history. This has been due to the enterprise of the Japanese in rebuilding the Southern Far Eastern Railway after the Russo-Japanese War, and the maintenance of law and order under Japanese administration ever since. Twenty-five years ago Dairen—the principal port in Manchuria—was little more than a desolate beach, while to-day it is second in size and activity only to Shanghai itself. Had it not been for Japanese control that enormously productive territory would still be a barren and a bandit-ridden waste. To show how other countries have benefited by Japanese administration in Manchuria, the annual number of British ships trading there in 1906 was under 100, whereas last year it was over 400. American shipping during the same period has increased from 20 to 130 vessels in a year.

That the Chinese have appreciated the peace and security of Japanese jurisdiction is proved by the unprecedented immigration which has gone on between the northern parts of China and Manchuria during the past 25 years, a significant feature of which is that, while the Chinese population throughout the whole of

Manchuria has little more than doubled itself, in the zone administered by Japan it has increased over twenty times. It is true that Japan taxes the local Chinese as she pleases, and even refuses to allow them to be taxed by their own officials, also that, while there is supposed to be the open door in Manchuria, trade during the past few years has been heavily weighted on the side of Japanese manufacturers. But, in justice to Japan, it must be recognised that she has created wealth where it never existed before for thousands of foreign firms, security and occupation for millions of Chinese, besides prosperity to very many of her own people.

The Chinese naturally resent any interference in their affairs by foreigners, and are confident they can put their own country in order without foreign assistance, but recent foreign observers in the Far East believe that if left alone another generation will pass before this can be brought about. Even many Chinese business men are themselves beginning to despair of the Nanking or any other Chinese Government being able unaided to restore a permanent state of law and order in China. The greatest possible service, therefore, that the League of Nations can render in the present difficult situation is to encourage Japan in her reported intention of creating round Shanghai, and, if necessary, round the other five major treaty ports, a demilitarised zone under Chinese civil control but forbidden to Chinese military. There can be no return to peace in China until this is done. The result would be of incalculable benefit not only to the Chinese but to the whole world. HENRY E. METCALF.

Junior Carlton Club,
Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

THE CONGRESS PARTY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I was surprised to find in your issue of the 13th February the remark that " it is estimated that more than 30,000 Hindus are now in gaol." In thus explicitly distinguishing the Hindu from the Muslim, you presume to suggest that the Muslims have taken no part in the present Civil Disobedience Movement of the Congress, and this impression is intensified by your later references to the activities of the All India Muslim League. It is incorrect to say that " 30,000 or more *Hindus*," as excluding the other Indian communities, have gone to gaol. A considerable proportion of these 30,000 are supplied by the Muslim and other Indian communities. I need here mention only the names of Dr. Ansari, Abdul Gaffur Khan and Dr. Syed Mahmud. Even on a Government estimate published about a fortnight ago, more than 4,000 followers of Abdul Gaffur Khan, who are all Muslims, have been imprisoned in one province alone. 14,000 Muslims were imprisoned during the Civil Disobedience Movement of 1930. I write this to combat the prevailing view in this country that the Congress is a Hindu organisation and that the other communities of India are not taking their proper share in the Indian national movement. As a matter of fact, the Parsis have contributed the largest quota on a percentage basis of the population, and even the Muslim quota has been larger than demanded on the same basis of calculation. HUMAYUN Z. A. KABIR.

Union Society, Oxford.

THE LESSON OF DARTMOOR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I offer respectful congratulations to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on being the first newspaper to put its finger on the real plague spot of Dartmoor and of the whole penal administration of this country ?

Prisoners are fed tolerably well nowadays ; their dress is less astonishing than it was ten years ago ; torture by flogging is applied very rarely ; solitary confinement and the silence rule are unknown except under aliases. The Prison Commissioners have obeyed the chief " Thou Shalt Nots " of modern penological science. They would gladly obey the second part of the Law consisting of the " Thou Shalts," if only the public would allow them to spend on preventing crime and rehabilitating offenders what is lightly spent on maintaining obsolete prisons to be forcing houses of crime. The reform most urgently needed is, as you suggest, the overhaul of prison industries with the advice and consent of organised employers and Trade Unionists. The *Howard Journal* asked three years ago for a Royal Commission of the kind you suggest. It was a voice crying in the wilderness, but its gospel was commonsense as well as humanity. If the claim, made so often and so glibly, that our object nowadays is to reform not to punish offenders, is to be anything but hypocrisy, prisons must be made training schools and prison workshops hives of industry. A wage system is essential and prison workshops must be rationalised. A man must earn his keep and that of his dependents by hard productive work if we are to be rid of the canker of unnaturalness and irresponsibility in prison life.

In truth, the word " life " is inapplicable to the prison regime as we know it. It provides cold storage in which nothing goes bad—till it is released ! CICELY M. CRAVEN.

The Howard League for Penal Reform. Hon. Secretary.
Parliament Mansions, S.W.1.

THE MEANS TEST

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your recent article on the Means Test it is stated that the present scheme " overburdens and irritates the local authorities." The London County Council have in three months dealt with more than 80,000 applicants for transitional payments without showing any signs of being overburdened or irritated or " making a mess of it " and the arrangements have worked with remarkable smoothness and absence of friction or complaint.

You admit the necessity for a means test, and the real point at issue is how this test should be administered. There are many thousands of people, generally of good character, receiving public assistance, including in London 8,000 able-bodied men where the assistance is frequently in supplementation of benefit or transitional payments. These people are required by law, as a condition of being maintained out of public funds, to satisfy the local authority as to their needs ; the income available to the whole household is for this purpose ascertained by inquiry, by visits and by verification of the statements made where necessary. In what way do the applicants for transitional payments, who have no claim on any insurance fund and who are asking for maintenance out of public funds, call for different treatment ? In a country overflowing with prosperity it might be possible to institute a system of maintenance for all, regardless of need, but it is generally agreed that if one thing more than another in our internal arrangements contributed to the critical financial position in which the nation found itself last year it was the state of the so-called Insurance Fund.

Experienced administrators of public assistance know of no other way in which any needs test can be satisfactorily administered. There is plenty of evidence available to prove that it certainly cannot be satisfactorily done if confined to paper work. Recently the Council found by visits and investigation a woman to be obtaining payments from the Employment Exchange as a single woman who stated she was residing with her brother at one address when she was in fact living with her husband at another, where both were obtaining payments as man and wife, the husband being in full employment under another name.

Rigid insistence on a uniform schedule throughout the country, by which equal assistance is granted to people with unequal needs, produces hardship and anomalies, and it is not likely that an applicant at Leeds worries because his assessment is different from that of another applicant in a rural district in Somerset.

I regret to note the uncalled for and somewhat spiteful gibes at the officers engaged on this work. They are in effect welfare officers who are set high standards of official conduct and I believe the vast majority approach their task with a sympathetic outlook and are just as much concerned to see that genuine needs are satisfied as they are to see that improper demands for public money are resisted. C. FULFORD,

Alderman, L.C.C. Chairman, Local Public
Assistance Committee for London Area I.

16 Egerton Gardens, S.W.3.

SENTENCE ON A POET

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Everyone in any way concerned with literary rights should welcome your protest against the sentence of six months imprisonment upon Mr. de Montalk after his conviction for an offence which he declared he had no intention of committing. I have not seen the offending document, but have no doubt that there were words not used in ordinary society in it, but that his object in trying to get them printed was an obscene one, no one who has any knowledge of Mr. de Montalk and his work will admit for one moment.

I understand that his friends, who include a number of well-known literary men, are trying to arrange an appeal which I sincerely hope will be successful. **W. J. Bryce.**

41 Museum Street, W.C.1.

THE CASE OF MR. KUMLEBEN

To the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Sir,—The preventing of Mr. Kumleben's landing at Newhaven is an interference with the liberty of British subjects as well as of Mr. Kumleben himself. I suppose we shall have to grin and bear this petty officialism as long as the present distribution of political power holds good. So far, however, we are still free to protest against this reversal of the best British tradition and practice towards visitors to our shores.

I have known Mr. Kumleben intimately for many years. He has stayed for months at this address as a welcome guest. Thus I can say from the surest knowledge that Communism is certainly not Mr. Kumleben's creed. Even if it were, of course, that would be no reason to exclude him from entering the country, where the laws of the land are surely sufficient security for the rest of us, without the gratuitous protection of ill-informed inspectors of luggage. The semi-barbaric Jews of Moses' time treated the "stranger within their gates" with more courtesy than our modern barbarians show towards people whose only crime is that they have accepted an invitation to visit us. I hope, with you, that the Home Office will be asked in Parliament by what authority and for what reason the people of Kent were deprived of their wish to hear Mr. Kumleben. If we are to be yoked with the authoritarianism of Italy or Rome, let us at least be told about it at once and in public.

651 Didsbury Road, **Douglas J. J. Owen.**
Heaton Mersey, (Late President of the Cheshire
near Manchester. Federation of Free Church Councils.)

THE SANCTITY OF HUMAN LIFE

To the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Sir,—Women owe deep gratitude to Dr. Harry Roberts for writing and to you for publishing his clear and trenchant article on abortion. Mrs. Janet Chance's poignant book and Mr. Justice MacCardie's humane pronouncements have made this subject as topical as it has long been urgent. I will, therefore, not emphasise my disagreement with the final paragraph of Dr. Roberts's article—though, surely, compulsory maternity has neither spiritual nor eugenic value!—but will rather ask you to print the following facts:

1. It has been estimated that one conviction for "criminal abortion" is secured in every fortnight of the year. Yet still misery and illegality continue!

2. An eminent birth-control advocate, who, by the way, has described the penalisation of abortion as "a fancied grievance," has, nevertheless, recorded that she received 85 entreaties to procure abortion within the same period of time as 14 requests for contraceptive help!

3. In Scandinavia and throughout Central Europe, the demand of women for this right, on Soviet Russian lines, has been incorporated in every Socialist programme.

4. As the law of England at present stands, abortion is illegal, even in cases of rape, of venereal infection, or of incest with girls of tender age. **F. W. Stella Browne.**

16 King's Mansions, Chelsea, S.W.3.

PRETENCES

To the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Sir,—Your opening sentence in your issue of 13th February—"Sir Herbert Samuel's speech killed two very pretentious birds with one stone"—is appropriately followed by two seemingly very pretentious statements. The first—"It smashed up the case for tariffs as put forward by Mr. Chamberlain"—is surely based on the assumption that to smash a case in the mind of the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation is to smash it in reality.

The second—"At the same time, it effectively exposed the farcical pretence of national unity"—is surely based on a confusion between apparent Cabinet unity and the unity of the bulk of the electorate.

I submit that in your opinion these considerations may be provocative, but they are not in the true sense of the word impertinent. **Patrick Ford.**

House of Commons.

CABINET RESPONSIBILITY

To the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Sir,—The utterances of some of our representatives in Parliament become more and more surprising and confusing. On the one hand, we see them holding up their hands in horror because the Government "propose to violate the long-established constitutional principle of Cabinet responsibility"—to quote the words of the Labour Vote of Censure. On the other hand, one of our new Parliamentary leaders has been making, up and down the country, a speech in which he is reported as saying that we must "demolish the old building before starting the new"—"make a clean sharp break," etc. This can have only one meaning, namely, that in his view Labour must now proceed by revolutionary methods. In that event the violation of the principle of Cabinet responsibility is a mere bagatelle, a break so small that it would escape detection amid the immediate and complete destruction of the existing social order to which apparently he is now urging us.

It seems to me that Labour leaders in Parliament ought to make up their minds in which direction they are going; for assuredly one cannot hurl out revolutionary slogans on Sunday night and stand as the champion of constitutional tradition on Monday night. For my part I do not think that either of these attitudes represents the point of view of the mass of Labour supporters, who believe neither in the absolute sacredness of constitutional tradition nor in revolution. But I think they have a right to know in which direction those who speak in their name, and for whose utterances the Labour Party as a whole will be held responsible, are trying to lead them.

6 Phené Street, **Cecil L'Estrange Malone.**
Chelsea, London, S.W.3.

THE CELTIC TWILIGHT

To the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Sir,—In asserting that the influence which we call the Celtic Twilight does not exist in Ireland, Mr. Richard Sunne will hardly carry with him anyone who has ever been to Ireland even for a short time. Nor may he support his assertion on the grounds that Bernard Shaw and others do not show that influence. Life is a polar phenomenon. The Celtic influence in Ireland is so violent that its opposite plays an equal part in the Irish psyche—namely, the spirit of commonsense, the clear, clear head, the love for lucidity, definiteness, and concreteness. It is the privilege of Irishmen to make a satisfactory combination of the two strains, if they can. That is why they develop later than Englishmen.

Incidentally, we may look for the one and only solution to the problem of Bernard Shaw in the fact that the Celtic strain was so strong within him that he fled from it at the age of twenty-one, and has remained terrified of it ever since—thus half-wrecking his work. **J. S. Collis.**

Hampstead.

EDWARD CLODD

To the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Sir,—I have been reproved for writing of Edward as a "bank clerk." I ought to have said "banker," for at 32 he ceased to be a clerk in the ordinary meaning, and was appointed Secretary of the London Joint Stock Banking Company, as he remained till his retirement in old age. It was an arduous and responsible position, and, happily for his friends, well paid. I knew all this, but used the term "bank clerk" to emphasise the contrast between his daily work and his high scientific reputation. Mere rhetoric! **Henry W. Nevinson.**

THE WATERMEN'S STRIKE

To the Editor of The New Statesman and Nation.

Sir,—Your attitude to the watermen's strike is not in accordance with your usual policy. Not only have they to face the attack of the employers, but also official Trade Unionism, both striving for the acceptance of the reduction, and once more looms—compromise. A month's hard endeavour and steadfastness wasted. The watermen have grievance more than enough in the proposed reduction without any "special disadvantages."

"The remedy" is—acceptance of the watermen's demand, and they should accept nothing less than the old rate.

Or, perhaps, it is better for the workers' cause if they accept the reduction. The only hope for Socialism is through the workers' bellies, and instead of being a setback to the working-class cause acceptance of the reduction is a stride forwards.

205 Long Lane, **ERIC H. GRANGER.**
Bexleyheath, Kent.

Miscellany

NO CHANGE

JULIUS CÆSAR, at His Majesty's, is a performance not very good of its kind even in the tradition of that theatre. The leading parts are taken by eminent actors. Mr. Godfrey Tearle plays Antony, Mr. Lyn Harding Cæsar, Mr. Basil Gill Brutus, Mr. Oscar Asche Casca, and Miss Lily Brayton takes the part of Portia. Shakespeare may be said to hide his head in a crowd of stars.

The Shakespeare performances under Tree's management were not merely bids for full houses, they were gifts of an enthusiast. They were on a scale too minutely lavish to be commercial, and the effects were often magnificent and impressive, giving pleasure and exhilaration to thousands. It was the whole tradition that was wrong, not the way he carried it out. The editions of Shakespeare issued at His Majesty's were, perhaps, more sumptuously bound and richly illustrated than those which the Lyceum produced. The mistake was to suppose that, say, *Antony and Cleopatra* could be improved by introducing a thrumming aromatic kind of music, or that the attraction of Cleopatra herself could be reinforced by a symbolic transformation scene, in which a sphinx loomed out of blackness to die into it again. Very fine that sphinx was, I remember; and I also remember that it called down louder applause than any other scene in the play, which proved there was something very wrong.

The result of all this accumulation of commentary and illustration, however ingenious and lavish, round Shakespeare's plays was to slow down the action. Intolerably heavy cuts were necessary; and, while attempting to interpret Shakespeare to the eye, these productions too often failed to interpret him to the mind. Thus it was that, in company with several other critics, I found myself, when Shakespeare was on at His Majesty's, shouting that cry which used so often to be heard in the streets after parties in those days: "Sir Herbert Tree's carriage stops the way!"

Of those performances, *Julius Cæsar* was certainly one of the best. It was received with pæans of praise. "It was less a drama," one well-known critic wrote enthusiastically, "than an immortal page from the world's history that was last night unrolled in a series of gorgeous Tadema pictures. . . . What Mr. Tree has accomplished in this revival of *Julius Cæsar* must give every student pause." (That was true enough in a sense not intended.) ". . . With loving labour and at infinite cost he has resurrected ancient Rome in all its unimagined glory. And incidentally" (note the "incidentally") "he has paid to the genius of our national poet a tribute unequalled in our time." Lord Rosebery (he was then chairman of the London County Council) said at a speech at St. James's Hall: "The Roman was proud of Rome. We should be prouder still of London. Why, gentlemen, within a stone's throw of this Hall you can see put upon the stage, with all the splendour and all the art that taste and expenditure can afford, the sublime tragedy of Julius Cæsar."

I recall this fragment of theatrical history because the present performance at His Majesty's of *Julius Cæsar* proves that nothing has changed. All the efforts of Powell and Granville-Barker have been in vain. The play is still performed as a pageant of "ancient Rome in all its unimagined glory," which "incidentally" is a "tribute to our national poet." In the first place, Shakespeare's Rome is not in the least like "ancient Rome," and the dramatic atmosphere in the play is falsified when an attempt is made to resurrect it. In the second, the dramatic values are destroyed when the play is presented pictorially. The scenes which are cut to allow for this are essential to them. The producer must accept the stage conventions in obedience to which Shakespeare wrote if his drama is to have anything like its full effect, if it is (with the exception of a speech or two) to move us. The last act of *Julius Cæsar* as played to-day at His Majesty's is such incredibly bad drama that, in spite of the fact that the power of the scene of Antony's speech could not escape the notice of any modern manager, he would, if the play were a new one, inevitably turn it down. Nothing can make the last act tolerably effective upon the modern "realistic" stage. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare has used, like a master, in that act, the conventions of his stage. It is a convention, too, which is capable of suggesting much more to the spectator than modern methods. But when the incidents of the leaders of the opposing armies are placed against the background of realistic scenery, when the incidents which are meant to suggest rapidly a day-long battle are telescoped into one modern act they become absurd; and only conventional reverence for Shakespeare prevents the audience from condemning the act as the work of a hopeless bungler. I defy anyone in the circumstances to be moved by the death of Cassius or Brutus. If you would get some idea, however, of what *might* be got out of the last act of *Julius Cæsar*, read Mr. Granville-Barker's *Prefaces to Shakespeare, First Series* (Sidgwick & Jackson). The whole essay is a proof of what we are missing, not only in the last act, but throughout the play, by sticking to this old damnable tradition of turning Shakespeare's plays into pageants for the eye.

I never saw anything tamer, too, than the scene in which Cæsar's ghost appears to Brutus in his tent. The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius could hardly fail completely, but nothing in this production reflects Shakespeare's care to give us the sense of Nemesis approaching, and to relieve the monotony of the noble philosopher in misfortune. (Of course, the entry of the fantastic poet is cut.)

The danger of playing Brutus is that he may turn into a stockish prig. Mr. Basil Gill was too often like a conventionally noble parson. It was not so much his fault as the fault of the whole method of production. It is unfair to criticise the acting, because the acting could not well have been different granted the production, which inevitably leads to stagey posing and lifeless slowness. The life, the vivacity must disappear from the play. What is the use of pointing out that Antony could not convey irony, or that he should appear a wily demagogue to the audience, while he seems a plain, blunt man to the crowd upon the stage? (Mr. Tearle was certainly too naively emotional.) What is the use of pointing out such things when the crux of the situation is blurred? "The message from Antony," Mr. Granville-Barker says, "foreshadows him as a politician, a minute later we see him grieving for his friend's death. There is, of course, nothing incompatible in the two aspects of the man, but the double impression is all-important." It is vital; it prepares us for the duplicity of Antony; it is, as Moulton has pointed out, the turning point of the play. What is the use of criticising the lack of balance between genuine emotion and calculation in Antony's speech, as spoken, when the production leaves out the murder of the innocent poet Cinna, the first victim of the orator's cunning eloquence? What is, indeed, the use of writing these comments? Only one thing will be of use: an object-lesson. If the public once sees a great play of Shakespeare presented as perfectly as Mr. Granville-Barker presented *Twelfth Night* twenty years ago, then these old methods will be discredited.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

THE ARTIST

AN Artist with a pencil in his hand
Started a sketch, and added line to line
And curve to curve in ways that seemed to me
Wanton and ugly, hard to understand:
But then I'm not a judge: how should I be?
The picture is a Life: the Life is mine.

R. B.

REPRIEVE

AH God! The joy to come
At length stumbling home!
After the frown, the curse,
The foreign hands, and worse,
The clang of iron on rock
And shriek of key in lock,
The fetters in the hell
Of thought-infested cell!
And after sentence done,
To be thrust into the sun,
The long-forgotten light
In blind and cringeing plight!
They did not know, who sneered
As drunkenly I veered,
That earth and sky so vast
Were swords I shuddered past:
They did not know I saw
The horror of the Law
Haunting the world of the free;
And so they stared at me
Until I felt the brand
Betrayed upon my hand.
Yes. As they looked and scoffed
The garb but lately doffed
Still burned me to the bone.
But though I stood alone
Before mankind's derision
With the universe my prison,
I found by instinct there
The pathway to my lair,
The instinct of the brute
Bleeding, hunted, mute,
To join its mate: I found
My love, my holy ground.
Ah God, the joy to come
At length, stumbling home!

RICHARD CHURCH.

TWO FILM DIRECTORS

Rialto: A Nous La Liberté. By RÉNÉ CLAIR.

Carlton: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. By ROUBEN MAMOULIAN.

LONDONERS are favoured this week with films by two of the most gifted artists that the Cinema has produced. René Clair is presumably known to everyone who thinks about the pictures at all. Mamoulian, who is perhaps as remarkable, is a less-famous name. As a theatrical producer he is known to us through *Porgy*, and for the cinema he has directed *Applause* and *City Streets*. He is a man of vast and varied ability, who lived for quite a time in London, which he eventually abandoned in despair at getting any work at all. He is now one of the most admired of American stage and film artists. I refrain from any comment which might depress the British film industry.

Clair has advantages over Mamoulian. His owners are evidently more sophisticated than Hollywood. They allow him to play more lightly with ideas. Irony is not beyond them and scepticism they know. *A Nous La Liberté* is, as the title suggests, a pictorial discussion of the problem of liberty, in which the cameraman is aided by the disillusioned airs of Auric. Clair treats the modern world in terms of modern sensibility. A convict evidently lacks liberty. An employee in a Taylorised world is barely distinguishable from a convict. The owner of the factory is too busy to have a minute to himself, and if he buys a smart wife, he merely exists to decorate her dinner table. The slaves of compulsory education chant in the schools, "Work is obligatory, because work means liberty." As the ex-convict capitalist loses first his wife, then his business and last his petty cash, he grows progressively happier and takes finally with his colleagues to the road. Europe, having had a look at America, returns to the ancient ways.

These ideas are, in a way, literary. But they are realised by visual means. *A Nous La Liberté* is not a talkie, but a sound-film, based on a definite rhythm. There is a little talking to help through the necessary plot, not to illustrate the theme. For Clair composes in sound-space. The film is perhaps a trifle long. I felt it might have been better had it been a quarter of an hour shorter. Still, it is extremely funny, immensely various, and intellectually sound. Clair is free to do what he wants, to choose his theme, to write his scenarios, to pick his musicians and his painters, to use what actors he likes, to get along without stars. He is, in fact, captain of his own quarter-deck, as practically no one is in the film-world. He is not handicapped before he starts with ready-made themes, bought by somebody else, from sloppy novels or worn-out comedies. He is allowed, in fact, to be a creator. Perhaps even more than for his actual productions Clair is important to us for having in his own art attained the liberty he predicates in his latest film, the liberty both to think and to design. It is not mere chance that his actors are announced on the screen in the order of their appearance. They are subordinated officially to the director. The hierarchy is observed. Yet, of course, Clair can make them act delightfully, and we all, too, are charmed to recognise several friends out of the *Million*. Yet the main attraction of *À Nous La Liberté* is the spectacle it offers of a subtle and completely untrammelled intelligence, working freely in its own material.

Mamoulian is not so happily placed as Clair. This Armenian genius has been caught up in the toils of Hollywood simplicity. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* has no particular appeal to our own sensibility as a theme. It represents an antiquated view of science, the Faustian alchemy of the Renaissance and the Romantic revival. We can no longer assent emotionally to the wonder-working test-tubes of Frankenstein and Dr. Jekyll. This over-layer of an alien stupidity spoils our immediate contact with Mamoulian. We have here, too, the boring *décor* of Hollywood in this supposedly English setting, the London University medical student lives in a house the size of Holkham. Nor is the idea of evil treated in a way that might most appeal to us. We might have seen, as is suggested by Stevenson, a motivelessly malevolent Mr. Hyde, who revelled in the *acte gratuite* of M. Gide. What place would there then, however, have been for beautiful Miriam Hopkins? The free play of Mamoulian's intelligence has been checked at too many points for us to have the pleasure which comes from direct contact with the artist's mind.

Let us admit, however, these disadvantages. The part which is Mamoulian's is superb. He has a genius for the camera, which is kept by him in an unceasing flow. We are never still for an instant. He never gets slack and allows his picture and ourselves to grow dull. The result is really terrifying. If you want to feel horror, here it is. What feeble nonsense is Frankenstein before this violent adventure into the unpleasant. The first time Dr. Jekyll turns into Mr. Hyde it is sufficiently disagreeable. But each time he does so he becomes slightly more simian, and the result is progressively horrible. Mamoulian has certainly directed Fredric March with consummate ability; no small praise must go to the actor for having succeeded in imitating, even in his most aerobatic efforts, all the movements of the anthropoid.

All through this picture we can see that Mamoulian is a man of great imagination as well as of vast technical virtuosity. We may wish he was not tied down to the *bêtise* of Hollywood. We should like to see his mind move more easily in a freer ambience. Even as it is, he has made something terrific out of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. But for the free play of the intelligence you must go to *A Nous La Liberté*.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Last Chance

WE hope that the theatre-goers who have allowed the Embassy Theatre to fail for lack of support, in spite of the fact that it offered them a great variety of interesting plays, admirably acted in a comfortable theatre, at a trifling cost, will crowd to its last fortnight with something of the shame with which they would attend the funeral of a friend whom they had neglected in life. They will be rewarded as they little deserve by an unusually satisfying production of *Romeo and Juliet*. It is so satisfying because the simplicity of its attractive setting allows it to be played with only one break and almost uncut, and because the whole company display two of the essentials for this lovely and lyrical Tragedy, sincerity and a youthful spirit. It all happens in a young world. The grown people have the high spirits and quarrelsomeness of adolescents (the ease and gaiety of Mr. Cecil Parker's *Mercutio* could hardly be bettered and he was ably supported by Mr. Guy Martineau's *Benvolio*). No foot ever less " wore out the everlasting flint " or seemed more capable of " bestriding a gossamer " than did Miss Joyce Bland's who is Juliet. Her passion has the suddenness of first love, her tears were the uncontrolled weeping of a child, her fright of waking in the vault, the frenzied terror of a child. Her last gesture before she sheathes the " happy dagger " in her heart, the tracing of Romeo's dead features with her finger-tip had a heart-breaking pathos, as of a child, shut from the happiness of a snowy day, tracing the patterns of the frost on the window that keeps it a prisoner. Nor does this mean that Miss Bland lacked passion or power. Mr. Sebastain Shaw made an unusually sincere Romeo, and, though he did not quite command us in the tragic last scenes, there was a beautifully youthful gravity and tenderness in his love scenes, and his dazed upward look at the nurse as he lay in Friar Laurence's cell was touchingly youthful, as of a child spent by weeping. There was a fine sympathy in his scene with the Apothecary, excellently sketched by Mr. Eadie Palfrey. The nurse of Miss Clare Harris was a rich comedy character, but surely she should not seem nearly seventy years old ?

Henry VIII and His Rose

The production of Mr. Bax's *The Rose Without a Thorn*, at the Duchess Theatre, does full justice to this moving play. Mr. Bax offers you no problems to solve, leads you up no fascinating by-way of metaphysical speculation. His Henry is only a sentimentalist agonising over the failure of his dream, and Katheryn Howard a girl whose irresponsibility has marked her down for destruction from the first scene, in a world of unpredictable codes and savage vengeances. All the same, among contemporary plays this play shines out by its humanity, its directness and simplicity. The language deserves full praise for avoidance of shallow Elizabethanisms ; but even more gratifying is the eschewing of patently modern idiom, and its careful cadences. I have particularly in mind Hertford's admirable defence of Katheryn, splendidly delivered by Mr. Douglas Burbidge, and Henry's impassioned diatribes against her. The dramatic suspense is well sustained, and Mr. Frank Birch's production never disappoints. Mr. Frank Vosper's performance is admirable. His Henry is no monster, but an unhappy man, hag-ridden by his ideals, fearful of his own insecurity, and steeped in the panic cruelty which is the destined punishment of the sentimentalist. Miss Angela Baddeley is wise in refusing the more tragic possibilities of Katheryn. She has her moments of heart-rending poignancy and a charming inward dignity which make her performance gloriously memorable. Miss Mabel Russell is astonishingly complete as Anne of Cleves, and Miss Dorothy Black genuinely tragic as Katheryn's betrayer.

Busch and Serkin

On the Continent for some time Busch has been recognised as one of the finest violinists of the day. When he played in England last year he had a small audience, but apparently London has now " accepted " him. The six concerts given by Busch, Serkin, and the Busch Quartet in the last two weeks at the Wigmore Hall have been attended by large, enthusiastic and well-dressed audiences. The attraction of Busch's playing is his respect for the composer. It is always Bach or Beethoven or Brahms played by Busch, and not Busch playing this, that or the other. Busch is especially able in his balance of academic correctness and fresh approach. I enjoyed most the very beautiful Bach Sonata in F minor for Pianoforte and Violin. Busch and Serkin brought out to perfection the combined solidity and grace of Bach's building up of music. In playing Beethoven the Busch Quartet firmly outlined each phrase, breaking up but not losing the form of the whole, as if one looked at a stained glass window. Mozart was treated with care as a writer of music, and we were allowed to forget what someone has called his " whimsicality." When playing Brahms the Busch Quartet succeeded in bringing out the structure and intention of his work, which is so often covered up by more sensuous playing. I am not exaggerating when I say that these concerts are the finest which have been given this season.

Things to see and hear in the coming week :

Friday, February 19th—
Elena Gerhardt, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
" Six Characters in Search of an Author," Westminster Theatre.
Mr. Roger Fry, on " French Art," Queen's Hall, 8.

Saturday, February 20th—
Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, 11.

Sunday, February 21st—
Revival " Nibelungen," Academy Cinema.

Monday, February 22nd—
Miss Joan Beauchamp, on " Soviet Farms and the Progress of Collectivisation," Royal Society of Arts, John Street, W.C., 8.15.
" San Toy," Daly's Theatre.
" Noé," New Theatre.

Tuesday, February 23rd—
J. E. Barton on " Modern Art," B.B.C., 8.30.
" Lovely Lady," Phœnix Theatre.
The St. John Passion, Bach Cantata Club, St. Margaret's Church, 8.
Epstein Drawings, Redfern Gallery.

Wednesday, February 24th—
Sir William Beveridge on " Changes in Family Life," B.B.C., 7.30.
" Derby Day," Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

Thursday, February 25th—
Royal Philharmonic Society, Ravel Concert, Queen's Hall. 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I HAVE just, with great distress and annoyance, torn myself away for a moment from the letters of Harriet Byron and her friends as they are assembled in *The History of Sir Charles Grandison*, with which, in six volumes, the Shakespeare Head Richardson, as lovely as it is convenient, is completed (Blackwell, 18 volumes, £7 17s. 6d. the set). It would not be true to say Richardson is incomparable: it would be easy and not unprofitable to compare him with Proust; but it is true, I think, that when one is reading him, unless one is reading him with deliberate malice, no comparisons occur. He is so bewitchingly himself, and all the other ladies and gentlemen in his book. If readers wrote to him to argue about Lovelace's morals, if church bells were rung when Pamela married her master, it was not more than Richardson deserved. He believed so thoroughly in his people that he could easily compel a like credence in others. It is true the unfriendly and the impolite could object, and still do, that Richardson's world was peopled with folk they could neither like nor respect—but the Richardsonian can retort that in this resides its lamentable verisimilitude. The pleasant worlds of imaginative literature—the worlds of Shakespeare, of Dickens, of Dumas, are poetically true, but generally miles away from the ordinariness of everyday, in which one meets people who can combine, with a quite unusual degree of personal repulsiveness, a maddening conviction that they are charmers, that their bad manners and ill-bred impertinences are engaging traits, sure of their appeal.

* * *

Whether any modern reader can like Pamela all through her adventures I doubt; she calculates too nicely, and is so aware of consequences that scarcely a word or a thought seems single-minded. Clarissa has always kept her admirers: to-day they are commoner on the Continent than in the country of her birth; but I hope the new edition will find her a new following. For any profitable reading of Richardson the modern young person must abstain for a time from the "hooch" of modern fiction, and submit to standards of thought that are unfashionable, but not in the least invalid. Richardson's interest is in the soul, as exhibited not merely in temperament, but in moods, caprices, and mere whimsies. His passionate absorption in the detail of behaviour is shown by his careful pictures of the precise movements and gestures of his characters in moments of great tension. Here is Emily, heart-brokenly confessing to Harriet Grandison her love for her guardian, Harriet's Sir Charles:

> O Lady Grandison! the deserving wife of the best of men, you ought to *hate* me!
>
> My dearest Emily! said I.
>
> Indeed you ought.
>
> Let us sit down on this sofa, if you will not return to my closet.
>
> I sat down. She sat by me, leaning her glowing face on my shoulder.
>
> I put one arm round her neck; with the other hand I grasped one of hers.
>
> Now my dear, I conjure you by the friendship that is between us, the *more* than sisterly friendship, open your whole heart to me, and renounce me, if it be in my power to heal the wounds of your mind, and I do not pour into them the balm of friendly Love.
>
> What can I say?—Yesterday, my dearest Lady Grandison, I received an answer to a case I put to Dr. Bartlett, of a young creature who—I *can't* tell you——
>
> She wept; raised her head; dried her eyes; again leaned her face on my shoulder; again I put my arm round her neck—Your case, my Love?
>
> Ah, Madam! *My* case—Did you say, *My* case?

The practical, natural description—as of stage directions—is heightened by the variety in style of the dialogue which changes from the most unrealistic possible to occasional pure colloquialisms from both Harriet and Emily.

The conversation of Richardson's people is often as remote from fact as the conversation of D. H. Lawrence's characters; and by his repetition, his accumulation of detail, he can produce the same oppressive sense of reality that Lawrence sometimes achieved. It is easy to laugh at Richardson's method; and there is something perhaps, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu suggested, intrinsically ludicrous in a man attempting to portray a society of whose modes of expression he was so grossly ignorant. Yet in the end this does not matter. We cease to worry over the absence of verisimilitude in the language of Richardson's gentlefolk, just as we do not worry over Shakespeare's geography. Richardson's laborious care, his patient, unrelenting investigation into the human soul, holds us fascinated, until we begin to think that the copy-book style, the elegance of his people's declarations and excuses, are the fittest expression of the moods he is describing.

* * *

It will be odd if, in these days of an excessive interest in psychology and of the popularity of analysis, Richardson does not gain a fresh audience. To read *Clarissa Harlowe* or *Sir Charles Grandison* after the case-histories of modern psychologists is to step into a large, finely proportioned room, pleasantly lit by candles and lamps, in which there are people talking by the fire, talking with eagerness and attractive sense, if a little pompously. Only it is hard to see them, or to hear them if one has just left a pitch-black attic in which excitedly shouting experts have been lighting match after match, making the darkness grosser yet. The length and leisure of Richardson's two greatest books are an enormous aid to his discovery of men and women. We do not read about Mr. Bartlett, George Selby, Archibald Reeves, Lord G., the Earl of L., Sir Charles Grandison, Harriet, Miss Grandison, Lady G., Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and the rest; we live with them. We are at times bored by them. We may wish we had accepted another invitation for the week. We may even stop our ears—but if only we put up with the rotund little printer's solemnity, his primness, his occasionally nauseating niceness and coyness, we shall be forced to admit the power of a novelist whose supremacy in his field remained unchallenged until the middle of the last century, when it was threatened from Muscovy.

* * *

No one in England followed Richardson, and the sober little man did not care for the discipleship of Rousseau. Yet there is no English novelist of distinction who does not show signs of his reading of Richardson—his influence, for instance, can be seen clearly in Dickens, whether he is portraying gentlewomen or villains. Mr. Osbert Sitwell, in a pleasant little essay (*Charles Dickens:* Chatto and Windus, 2s.), writes as if the great novelist had been in disfavour until comparatively recent times. It is true there was a genteel period when Dickens was regarded as vulgar, but I should have said it had passed before Mr. Sitwell had left the nursery. At the beginning of this century, any denigration Dickens had received was handsomely cleared away by such advocates as George Gissing, Andrew Lang, and G. K. Chesterton. Not for years now has Dickens been ill-spoken of by anyone whose opinion on literature matters; and I think there is far more danger of a continuing injustice to Thackeray, who suffers, in our cosmopolitan world, from not being a Frenchman. Mr. Sitwell's advocacy will, however, be welcomed by those who are not very familiar with the recent course of Dickens criticism; and he puts persuasively and with critical force the case for a comparison of Dickens and Dostoevsky. He might have added to the strength of this had he mentioned the Russian's keen admiration for his English contemporary.

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

Ballet for Three Masks. By JAMES CLEUGH. Secker. 8s. 6d.

The Siege of Pleasure. By PATRICK HAMILTON. Constable. 3s. 6d.

Sale by Auction. By GEOFFREY DENNIS. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

We That Were Young. By IRENE RATHBONE. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

The Listening Woman. By MASSICKS SPARROY. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

The artist (reflects one of the principals in Mr. Cleugh's novel) " is only incidentally a Baxter, a weaver of strange dreams, only incidentally a Jehane, a changer of the world's cruel face. Essentially he is a Hermes, an interpreter, a seer. His business is only to state the beauty of truth. If others call his statement strange, and love or hate it, according to their temperaments, for that strangeness, or call it educative, epoch-making, as Dante and Chaucer and Ronsard and Goethe were called so, that is a result he scarcely cares to know. He will be interested only if his statement be called beautiful by those who know that beauty is truth." It would be easy to quarrel, at some length, with parts of this æsthetic credo, though not perhaps with its general tenor. The " beauty of truth "—but no, with five novels to review, one dare not embark on a discussion of that dubious phrase: I must be content with remarking that the artist's business is not " to state the beauty of truth," but to make of truth a beautiful statement. The beauty is in the statement, not in the truth stated. This beauty is indeed identical with truth in a certain sense, but not with any truth existing independently of the statement. It is either identical with, or conditioned by, that truth which is the effect of artistic veracity, which in its turn is the effect of artistic sincerity. A work of art, whatever its subject matter, must itself have beauty. We all remember Mr. Alfred Polly's appreciation of Stevenson's account of a stabbing, when over the stabber's hands gushed something that was " like warm tea." In this instance the beauty inheres neither in the supposed event nor in any merely verbal felicity: it inheres in the quality of the statement—its vividness, its economy, its fullness, its accuracy. " Beauty is truth, truth beauty " is valid only as a somewhat high-flown paraphrase of the simple doctrine that beauty in art is accuracy of expression.

It is, I hope, a tribute to Mr. James Cleugh that he not seldom provokes one to argument; for this is only another way of saying that he has written a very stimulating book. " A first novel by a new author," remarks his publisher on the dust-cover; and, with commendable restraint (other publishers please copy), leaves it at that. *Ballet for Three Masks* is, in fact, the most surprising thing that has happened in the literary world for some years. This sudden appearance of a fully fledged man of letters makes one rub one's eyes in bewilderment, and tempts one to ask what the devil Mr. Cleugh means by learning his job on the sly, and then confronting us with evidence of a mature talent, instead of bursting prematurely into print as almost everybody else does. People who do not like the book will call its author highbrow. And highbrow he is. In other words, he has an acute and sophisticated intelligence, a wide range of reference, and a degree of literary skill that is always adequate and occasionally dazzling. The three " masks " in his " ballet " are enumerated in the passage already quoted. Baxter, the romantic dreamer, begins as a grocer and ends as a financier: he dies of his failure to come to terms with reality. As a young man he chances upon Jehane Rodriguez, a young woman (English in everything but blood) who is known to the journal-reading public as Jane Rogers, a clever and sardonic writer. The third of the trio is Harry Morton, nicknamed Hermes at school and known so to his friends thereafter. In a prologue entitled " Pas de Trois " (and how that touch of preciosity will infuriate the anti-highbrows!) we witness the meeting of Baxter with these two, who are already friends. Baxter's dreams begin to centre in Jane, and Hermes, encouraging the one-sided infatuation, has a secret affair with Baxter's wife, who conceives a child by him. When this secret becomes known, Baxter is left desolate. He has lost his wife, and (what is even more important to him) he has lost his friend. And, since Jane cannot reciprocate his love, he has gained nothing. When the curtain rises again, Baxter, now a middle-aged man, is in consultation with a psycho-analyst, to whom, in a series of interviews, he tells his life story from the point where it was dropped. Much of this story is mediated to us by the author. It is a skilful piece of narration, with as much stuff in it as many a " full-length " novel. The second part is of, and by, Jane Rogers—mainly on account of her passionate and deeply planned endeavour to awaken in Oscar Merivale, the elderly novelist whose mistress she becomes, a sense of the values which she herself ardently cherishes. The third and last part concerns the man they call Hermes, and consists of that gentleman's meditations, addressed to himself in the second person. Whether because of this tiresome device or for some other reason, this third part levies a less urgent claim on one's attention. But of the value of the whole there can be no question. It is more than probable that the author's intention in this novel is to make " a revelation of ideal truth," a phrase used by Jane Rogers when telling Baxter that the novel, like naturalistic drama and historical painting, is " being degraded to the level of an entertainment for vulgar curiosity. . . . It has become a mere chronicle of events, without æsthetic significance." It would be unfriendly of me to endanger Mr. Cleugh's commercial chances by asserting that his novel has æsthetic significance; and it would be untrue to say that it lacks interest as a story, or rather as three stories radiating from one centre. As a " chronicle of events," even though it is not a " mere " one, it holds the reader enthralled.

In *The Siege of Pleasure* Mr. Patrick Hamilton has written the second part of a projected trilogy, of which the first part was *The Midnight Bell*. Readers of that brilliant piece of naturalistic fiction will hardly need reminding of Jenny, the young prostitute by whom, to his ultimate undoing, Bob the waiter becomes enchanted. Here, then, is Jenny's story, the story of her dramatic slide, over a period of sixty hours, into professional wantonry. It is not by any means the usual hard-luck story. Mr. Hamilton is an uncompromising realist, and he sees very clearly that defect in the girl's character which predisposed her to run into the trap that chance set for her. I am not sure, indeed, that he does not a little overstress this point, and, by indulging his contempt, fall into the error of over-simplification. Jenny, in fact, is not quite in the round: there is a hint of formula in her creation. But in action, in dialogue, she is faultlessly presented. There is a great deal of conversation in the book, and it is done with a skill that is diabolical. You cannot disbelieve a word of it.

The author of *The End of the World*, a book in which an audacious and poetic imagination found its perfect prose expression, has recently eclipsed the novelist who lives in the same skin. *Sale by Auction* arrives to remind us that Mr. Geoffrey Dennis began, and intends to continue, as a writer of fiction. It is a strange tale, strong, dramatic, flamboyant. But it is not Mr. Dennis at his best. It deals with a group of characters

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living in Hapcaster (North England) at the end of the nineteenth century. The liveliest and deadliest of these people is Prudence Euphemia Hyssop, whose master-passion is the ferreting out of her neighbours' secrets. There are also Great Paradine, the auctioneer, Moses Smeanly, the chemist, Cecil Cass, the husband of Amabel and lover of Mrs. Smeanly, and sundry "hags" attendant on Miss Hyssop. Cecil Cass is a good-looking young man who has married Amabel without overmuch love. He is also the chief assistant at Smeanly and Dimsdale's, and so must lose his job when his liaison with Mrs. Smeanly is discovered. Cass is that peculiarly repulsive type, the conscience-stricken "sinner." But his chief dread is of his wife. "He knew she could not, would not, forgive. That kind of thing was the one and only kind of thing Amabel was hard about; cold and hard. She shrank from and abhorred the whole business, accounting it, not only a sin, *the* sin—as did Cecil—but an unforgivable beastliness." A pretty pair!—and I am puzzled by the narrator's apparent admiration for this Amabel, monument of "purity." Sooner than face Amabel, the guilty Cecil cuts his throat. The rest is in the vein of grim comedy, rising at moments to a kind of exuberance. It is entertaining, but cannot be taken very seriously. Hapcaster is not on the map, and these people—these various parading Vices—exist only in the world of Mr. Dennis's fiction. That, indeed, is all that we have a right to demand of them: that they be true to their own world. It is not in Mr. Dennis's power to write a mediocre novel, but I think that *Sale by Auction* is not of the same order of creation as its predecessors. The force behind it is not the force of inspiration.

We that were Young is a full and almost too painstaking record of what women did and suffered during the war. Miss Rathbone describes the life of three typical girls: one in a hospital, one in a canteen in France, one in a munition factory. Miss Delafield, in her introduction, says of it all that needs saying: "The significance of this book seems to me to lie entirely in its careful absence of exaggeration, and its successful recapitulation of an atmosphere." Like most war books, it is (inevitably) made up largely of personal reminiscence, and is only a novel by courtesy. *The Listening Woman* is a rather awkwardly and ambitiously written story with an excellent plot. The dialogue, which is the greater part of it, is curiously false and stagey in style; but most readers will be sufficiently engaged by the problem of the murder to read to the end. GERALD BULLETT.

AN ENGLISH POET

Collected Poems of Laurence Binyon. Vol. I. Lyrical Poems. Vol. II. London Visions, Narrative Poems and Translations. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. each.

Although Mr. Binyon states in his preface that these two volumes exceed the amount of his work which he himself would care to preserve, there is little that the reader would not be jealous of losing. For here is no poet of unequal flashes to make us grateful for the anthologist's labour, but one who brings a sustained and continuous delight; he must be read whole. Few of his fellows, indeed, stand so well the ordeal of collection. His early poems are already mature in expression and thought; the later ones still keep the swift perception and the enraptured accent of his youth. To open the pages at random is to be assured of refreshment for the spirit and a high companionship.

He is a poet not of surprise, but of security. If he bears the reader to no dizzy heights, neither does he plunge him into the descents to which those nearest the stars are often liable. The level of the emotion, and of the diction to which it is so appropriately wed, is maintained with hardly a break through these two volumes; and if we have spoken of Mr. Binyon as companionable, this dependability goes some way towards accounting for it. But another and more obvious reason is the sense of intimacy which he conveys. He does not, like many poets, seem to profess that impassioned feeling is an affair of which he alone has the secret. He reverences the mysteries without pretending to be a mystery man, he puts on singing robes for singing, but muffles himself in no obscurity. It is the poetry of communication, not of isolation. A good many years ago he wrote the invocation:

> O World, be nobler for her sake,

and this comprehension of what is outside him within his own emotions is characteristic of his work. When he is most personal he is still aware of the background of nature and of a human context; nature is sublimated, and humanity enobled, by the projection of his intensity. Thus his love poems have none of the frequent inhumanity of such verse, since he involves the world in the richness of his experience, instead of using the experience as a means of withdrawal.

Often there is no line of demarcation between the love poems and the nature poems. Excepting in the narrative poems, where it is an exquisite decoration, as in *Penthesilea,* nature is filled for Mr. Binyon with intimations for his perception, either as the origin or the symbol of a mood, or the book in which to read a divine, more universal message. His is an expansion of the humaner aspect of Wordsworth and Arnold. Some of the poems, such as *Autumn Moonrise, Niobe, Château Gaillard* and the elegy on George Calderon, seems, indeed, to echo Matthew Arnold's cadences. But his view of nature, perhaps aided by his long acquaintance with the art and thought of the East, is at once keener and more sensitive. He catches the magic instant:

> What has the ilex heard,
> What has the laurel seen,
> That the pale edges of their leaves are stirred?
> What spirit stole between?

And the mere memory of some detail of nature starts the spring of emotion and lyric expression:

> O blessed be the touch of thought
> That marries memories from afar,
> That finds the thing it had not sought
> And smells a spice no treasure bought,
> And learns what never sages taught
> And sees this earth a dazzling star!
>
> As in the sheen of a lamp unseen,
> The lamp of memory shrouded long,
> There sprang before me, sweet as song,
> The vision of a branch of bloom,
> A swaying branch of blossom scented;
> And in that bloom amid the gloom
> My heart was luminously tented.

It is the concentrated meditation upon nature which brings him awareness of an extra-terrestrial, spiritual universe:

> . . . . terrestrial beauty took
> An insubstantial meaning, the far look
> Of regions known in dream,

and to this means of access to a world outside the world, but perceived through the world, he refers again:

> What thing, long contemplated, alters not
> Its seeming substance, as the deepening mind
> By contemplation passes out of thought,
> Immenser worlds to find?

These lines are of vital importance to an appreciation of Mr. Binyon's work; they form, apart from the personal pieces, a key to his poetic method, and might almost be considered as a recipe for inspiration. And here again, no secret, exclusive gift is implied. It is a method which anyone may use, but—and here is the difficulty—he must have the steadfast, unwavering courage to carry his vision through to its conclusion, and, incidentally, he must, to begin with, be a poet. Mr. Binyon satisfies that condition, and has the necessary ardour besides. From the deep scrutiny of natural and human appearances, he has reached through them that exaltation of vision at which he can turn to contemplate life in perspective. The confused, unmeaning spectacle takes clear outline; currents of motive and passion become visible like rivers seen from a height. And while he perceives nature, not "red in tooth and claw," but a beneficent influence, calling out the poet in man, he views man as a tragic but noble figure, struggling towards his "fiery destiny" from the mesh of his own self-made obstacles.

He continually envisages this strife between the hero in man and his meaner impulses:

> Spirit of man, dear spirit, sore opprest
> With self-estrangement and mis-choosing will . . .

but he has faith in the hero, thus invoking him—

> O wronged, untameable, unshaken
> Soul of divinely-suffering man . . .

and, in *The Death of Adam,* he prophesies the end of the conflict:

> Since that which drives them to unnumbered woes,
> Their burning, deep, unquenchable desire,
> Shall be their glory, and shall forge at last
> From fiery pangs their everlasting peace.

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With this view of humanity and its lot, it is not surprising that Mr. Binyon should be one of the few contemporaries who wrote poems on the occasion of the war to which they may look back without regret, and which will endure.

But it is not only his having expressed at that time what was best in the national attitude which makes us call him an English poet in the grander sense of the title. It is rather, for all his originality, the essentially English quality of his sentiment and his admirable handling of English rhythm and phrase. These are always evident, whether in the music of *At Evening* and *Holiday*, the dreamy flow of *Before Sleep Comes*, the swift movement of *Bahram The Hunter*, or the luxuriance of the narrative poems, which at the same time have something of the pictorial quality of the work of Charles Ricketts. He has also the lesser, but precious, distinction of being a true London poet. Children dancing in the street, beggars, flower-sellers, workmen sending up scaffolding or tearing down old walls—all these and other peculiarly city scenes are exhibited in *London Visions*, while *The Statues* is one of his noblest poems. All metropolitan mystery is in *Fog*, all metropolitan gaiety in *May Night*.

With this sense of his city, having expressed his country's aspirations at a time of crisis, preoccupied by human destiny and conscious of a universal rhythm, Mr. Binyon possesses, one after the other, characteristics which immediately relate him to Dante. A natural sympathy must have had much to do with the success of the translations at the end of the second volume, which are far the best renderings into English yet achieved. And, as in a new tongue he voices Dante's appeal, so he may be as sure as Dante must have been that it will be heard for himself, and in greater degree than the asking:

> O supreme Light, that dost thy glory assert
> High over our imagining, lend again
> Memory a little of what to me thou wert!
> Vouchsafe unto my tongue such power to attain
> That but one sparkle it may leave behind
> Of thy magnificence to future men.

T. W. Earp.

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THE DOCTOR AND PUBLIC HEALTH

International Studies. Vols. I, II and III. By Sir Arthur Newsholme. Allen and Unwin. 21s. each.

Vested interests, rather than intellectual conservatism or pious regard for tradition, constitute the real lion in the path of social reorganisation. It would be difficult to find more substantial evidence of the truth of this statement than is contained in these three volumes of studies "On the Relation between the Private and Official Practice of Medicine" in the several countries of Europe. On the face of it, the problem of effectively organising and distributing in the common interest the medical skill and medical knowledge available would not appear to be such a very difficult one. The practice of medicine, however, is not a merely mechanical affair; it is an art, and, consequently, is dependent for its success on the active co-operation of the artist. It is easy enough to lead a painter to his easel or an author to his desk; but it is not so easy to force them severally to paint and to write. The analogy is not exact, but the practice of medicine is, in many respects, comparable with these more abstract arts. That is why, in no country—except, possibly, in Soviet Russia, which Sir Arthur Newsholme has not studied—do we find in operation a clear-cut scheme of medical service, planned uncompromisingly in the public interest.

When we look at all deeply into this question, we come across a medley of seemingly conflicting facts. Some branches of the healing art have so precise, so scientifically based, a technique that competence and incompetence are easily gauged, and the factor of good will need not worry the organising statesman. Skilful surgeons, for example, however organised and however paid, are likely in all circumstances—if they operate at all—to operate as well as they can. So with many of the diagnostic and therapeutic techniques which occupy so large a place in modern hospital practice. But it is different with the everyday professional intercourse between doctor and patient. The intimacies of the consulting-room are not quite like anything else in the world. The reciprocity of the relation is in marked contrast with the impersonality of the confessional. The art of medicine has not reached—in theory, even if it appears sometimes, in indolent practice, to have done so—such a stage of exactness and universality as to make possible a formulation comparable with that which does so much to simplify and to standardise the duties of the priest.

The good will of the physician is, therefore, essential to the complete success of any scheme which aims at preserving the valuable qualities of traditional medical practice. A system which resulted in the subjection of self-reliance and individual responsibility to the formal perfection of a new medical sacerdotalism were indeed to be dreaded; though many political philanthropists seem unaware of the danger. The intellectual and moral freedom of the physician is, however, by no means bound up with his commercial individualism; and, in our anxiety not to upset the doctors, we can easily sacrifice our whole purpose. The varying degree of stultification resulting in the several European countries from ineffective compromise with vested interests, should afford an object-lesson to ourselves. One can but wonder if it is ever possible so to introduce conflicting novelties into the substance of established systems that the two will usefully function together. Nearly always, the experiment seems to result in a diminution of the effectiveness of the established order, and the ultimate death of the novelty grafted on to it.

Between the purely sanitary services of this country and the private practitioners of medicine, there has, for many decades, been no conflict, but this peace has been bought largely at the price of their non-co-operation. Newer conceptions of the scope of preventive medicine have, however, led to an extension of the field cultivated by the public-health services. Curative and preventive medicine are found not to be separable by well-defined boundary lines, and the "finished product" of one ailment is seen to be but the raw material of another. Publicly organised clinics for the treatment of this or that disease, and for the hygienic of this or that age or sex group, are coming into existence everywhere. Inevitably, these services violently impinge on the ordinary work and income of the doctors engaged in independent practice. Between these doctors and the new clinics there is no structural linkage, and there accordingly results an enormous waste of skill, energy and good-will.

There is no doubt that, for good or ill, private medical practice of the old-fashioned pattern is doomed. It seems likely to be

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HARRY ROBERTS.

A SCIENTIFIC CRITIC

The Literary Mind. By MAX EASTMAN. Scribner. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Max Eastman is a poet and a psychologist. The two halves of his mind do not always work together even when he is writing criticism, but the alternation between them produces a lively friction. His subject—the impact of science on modern literature—is an interesting one which critics have hardly touched.

In order to prove his equipment, Mr. Eastman begins by killing all other critics in the field. This is not difficult when a scientist gets among literary gentlemen: he chases them, modernists and humanists and classicists, snobs and poetasters, highbrows and lowbrows, all round the town. He has a particular flair for chasing and killing Mr. T. S. Eliot; one well-aimed blow, apparently fatal, on every third page. The tournament of his first three chapters, "The Swan-song of Humane Letters," "The Resurrection of the Scholar Gentleman," and "The Cult of Intelligibility," I witnessed with a deep delight. What thundering flashing hoofs, what devastating lance-thrusts, what a dust! To all the literary-minded who enjoy a one-man show I recommend Mr. Eastman's first three chapters.

With the end of chapter three, literary criticism is in the ditch, and literature follows. It soon becomes plain that this is the last ditch against the onslaught of Science. "The division of labour between poetry and truth" in the modern world leaves the poet with—exactly what? "In an age of science an obscurity impenetrable by acid, lens or scalpel, is the sole refuge of the literary gentleman and scholar." But it seems that even this obscurity of the modernists is penetrable by the knife of Mr. Eastman's psychology. Philosophy "from the standpoint of scientific method consists of jumping to conclusions," but Psychology we soon learn is nothing more nor less than the scientific approach to literature. I will pass over the two chapters headed "Are Poetry and Drama Dying?" and "Is the Novel at a Dead End?" not because I am tired of killing (if you read Mr. Eastman's book you will acquire a positive gusto for it), but because in another chapter he discusses in positive terms what poetry is, and there you will find his main conclusions.

The old definitions of poetry—Milton's, Wordsworth's, Coleridge's, Shelley's, Keats's—go overboard at once. The words used by these writers are suspect. What are "poetry," "imagination," "emotion"? Mr. Eastman clears the way for scientific criticism; the band plays; every eye is trained on the distance. Pause. Mr. Eastman, very distinctly: "Poetry cannot be defined with the word emotion. . . . Poetry is the communication of experience. . . . Pure poetry is the pure effort to heighten consciousness. . . . Consciousness arising from the blockage of action." Uproar. Shouts of "What price Tolstoy?" "We've heard that before," and a repeated "What is emotion? We want emotion," etc. To which Mr. Max Eastman, archpriest of scientific criticism, replies: "Psychologists are not well agreed as to the nature of emotions; all men agree, however, that they belong among the inner as opposed to the outer feelings." There's precision! And pressed on the point of "consciousness" ("poetry is the effort to heighten consciousness"), Mr. Eastman goes on: "Psychologists have no very fixed attitude towards the problem of consciousness." Scientific critics have apparently no very fixed attitude towards anything, even towards one another, for in a tribute at the end of the book to Mr. I. A. Richards, a fellow scientific critic, Mr. Eastman ends up, "And yet I think his psychology is wrongly based."

Probably it is Mr. Eastman's misfortune that he is a scientist, for his science leads him a devil of a dance. Shall I surprise the reader if I add that this book contains some good incidental criticism of modern poets, is a splendid confession of literary hatreds, and wobbles along with the amazing dash of a seaside tram on a Sunday afternoon? G. W. STONIER.

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Nations and the Economic Crisis. By D. GRAHAM HUTTON. Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Graham Hutton is a very welcome recruit to the ranks of economists. He has a considerable literary gift—rare enough in combination with a full technical equipment. He is genuinely internationalist in outlook and knowledge—he apparently knows nearly as much about the situation in most European countries as he does in England—and he has a wide historical range. As a result, his first book is well proportioned and free from insularity. In our view it is the very best brief exposition of the world economic crisis yet written for the non-economist. It is exactly what is wanted by the new reading public which has only recently discovered that economics are important and can be interesting.

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Mr. Hutton is likely to be a very successful writer. His mind is fertile, even exuberant. At present his writing lacks discipline. There are too many plums in his cake. He tends to jump from one metaphor to another and occasionally achieves incongruity. But his book is full of vitality and one hopes that the new series, of which this is the first, will prove that there are other young economists ready to write without fear of the acknowledged pundits.

SPANISH BOOKS

A History of Spanish Literature. By E. D. LABORDE, Ph.D. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Excepting the pedestrian Hurtado, the two best histories of Spanish literature are the work of an Englishman and a Frenchman—Fitzmaurice Kelly and Mérimée, and it is to these that the Spanish student himself has turned. Between these three the ground is well covered and it is hard to say where one can place Mr. Laborde's concise and readable study. Noting the greatly increased interest in Spanish literature in England, he aims apparently at the schools and the beginner, and has attempted to eliminate as much literary criticism and ready-made opinion as possible on the ground that they are dangerous to the young student. We doubt it. One does not have to be an advanced student to find Mérimée's opinions stimulating even though there was a touch of Gallic condescension in some of them.

There is no condescension in Mr. Laborde. He is straightforward and objective. His defect, due possibly in part to his self-denying ordinance, is an occasional coolness of sympathy. To dismiss *La Celestina*, for example, as "grossly vulgar in thought and expression" is an extraordinary judgment to pass on one of the profoundest things in Spanish humanism; and is the more astonishing when considered in relation to Mr. Laborde's own pretty sound generalisation about the Naturalists: "the spiritual is so closely mingled with the material in the Spanish temperament that the pure materialism involved in naturalism is impossible for the Spaniard."

We say "pretty sound" because a contemporary Naturalist like Pio Baroja does not dwell very happily in this generalisation. The criticism of *La Celestina* savours of the kind of thing that used to be said as a cautionary measure about the coarseness of Fielding to boys in the upper forms. We think it is mistaken caution.. Another strange generalisation of Mr. Laborde's is his remark, that, because the public is wider than ever before, novels tend to become "strong" and "sensational." Surely this is the reverse of the truth; half educated democracy has a

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snobbish weakness for mediocre refinements. In any case such a generalisation has little bearing on Spanish literature.

These matters, however, add to the interest of Mr. Laborde's book. It makes no claim to being exhaustive but has traced the main currents, selected the outstanding figures and a few of the appropriate lesser ones. There is a welcome chapter on South American literature and there are sufficient notes on modern authors, though here again we do not know why Unamuno's *Essays* should take precedence over his most important book which is not named.

SHORTER NOTICES

Stepping Westward. By Laura E. Richards. Appleton. 10s. 6d.

Mrs. Richards is known in America as the author of many children's books, one or two short novels and several biographies. She here gives us the story of her own life. There is an agreeable intimacy in the book, particularly good being that part devoted to the author's childhood and girlhood in the Boston of the 'fifties and 'sixties, where her parents were of the circle that included Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell. Throughout the book has charm, for whether telling us of her home life, of her travels, or of the things and causes and people who have interested her, Mrs. Richards gives to her writing the quality of good conversation, well-bred but racy, and quick with sympathy and understanding.

Malibu: A Nature Story. By Vance Joseph Hoyt. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

Nature and animal lovers who like their natural history woven into a story will enjoy Dr. Hoyt's yarn of the American field-naturalist who having brought up a puma cub and a fawn as playmates, finds them remaining friends long after they have been restored to the wild. Interwoven with this tale there is a plot of poachers and game-wardens. Many of Dr. Hoyt's descriptions of the wild are admirable, but there seems to be something wrong with his story of the poacher's last stalk. Would a skilled hunter, even when inspired by malice, continue his stalk after the unwounded quarry has winded him and, well aware of his presence, is travelling "mile after mile" and "hour upon hour?" And if he did, would he ever, unmounted, get within shooting distance?

The Madness of Nietzsche. By E. F. Podach. Translated from the German by F. A. Voigt. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

The sudden mental collapse of Nietzsche affects us like a catastrophe, and the timid may well decide that it is unwise "to live dangerously." English readers will be familiar already with the biography written by the poet-philosopher's sister—Dr. Elizabeth Forster-Nietzsche—and there is nothing more harrowing or devastating to the emotions than the closing chapters of the second volume. Owing, no doubt, to the sensational effect of his philosophy, Nietzsche has become a *cause célèbre* of Continental pathologists and psychiatrists. Scientific terms have changed, but the spirit of Lombroso is still powerful and Dr. Podach attempts to lay it. In defending "the loneliest of the Germans," Dr. Podach may seem ungenerous to the poet's sister, but family versions of genius are always suspect, and the Lou Salome episode has been veiled. Dr. Podach has ransacked the asylum records of Nietzsche's case and brought new information to light. It may seem a melancholy and morbid task to inquire into the significance of mental disease, to seek symbolic meaning in raving words. But the last scraps of writing left by Nietzsche seem to indicate some obscure process of identification. What meaning can be found, for instance, in that scrawl which the philosopher sent to Frau Cosima Wagner, the widow of his ancient friend-enemy, "Ariadne, I love thee—Dionysos"? Without overstressing his argument, Dr. Podach seeks to prove, in the words of Novalis, that "the life of a truly canonical man must be symbolical from beginning to end."

Milton: Private Correspondence and Academic Exercises Translated from the Latin. Edited by Phyllis B. Tillyard, with an Introduction and Commentary by E. M. W. Tillyard. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

Milton's familiar letters are not very accessible in translation, there being only the versions in Bohn and in Masson's biography. The present volume not only makes them available but gives them in a correct and ornate translation. In contrast with the awkwardness and colloquialism of previous versions, the letters are found here in a garb which is more in keeping with the grand rhetorical manner and purpose of the originals, for as a correspondent Milton never adopted, in the Russian phrase, "a dressing-gown attitude towards life." The biographical importance of these letters is considerable, if only for the information they give about his eye-trouble or the unfamiliar glimpses they show of him in Rome consorting with the Vatican librarian and Cardinal Barberini. The *Prolusiones*, or set Latin orations, made at Cambridge, were first printed together with the letters in 1674. They have never been completely translated before and a notable omission in Milton scholarship is now rectified. Although the intrinsic worth of these exercises is scarcely commensurate with the interest of their associations, biographers cannot afford to neglect them, as Masson was the first to show. The sidelights thrown by them on Milton's youth and life at Cambridge in his day are here further revealed in Mr. Tillyard's ample and excellent notes.

The Quest for Power. By Hugh and Margaret Vowles. Chapman and Hall. 15s.

The illustration on the wrapper of this survey of man's quest for "power" aptly displays the authors' intent, for in it we see an ape-man carrying his first tool, a staff, and gazing across a river at a modern power-station with all its windows lighted. The book is the engineer's view of progress and civilisation, and, on the whole, the opening which deals with the development of tool-using in the stone ages, and with the engineering feats of the antique and classic civilisations, is fairly well done, though the authors do not seem always to have gone to the best authorities. The major part of the book deals with the cumulative effect of modern invention, and gives the layman admirably lucid accounts of the major machines and processes which have given modern man such colossal "power." But the authors have no explanation of the seven-millennium wait for any substantial advance on the mechanics of the Sumerians.

Tara: Pagan Sanctuary of Ancient Ireland. By R. A. S. Macalister. Scribner. 10s. 6d.

This account of the royal Hill of Tara, by Dr. Macalister, the well-known Irish archæologist, is concise in its learning and sufficiently simple to ensure popularity. Tara was one of the most ancient places of pagan worship in Europe long before it became a dwelling place for kings. But its structures were of wood, and nothing remains to remind us of its mysteries and glories except a few green mounds and the enthusiastic chronicles of the bards. The hill has never been excavated and it is doubtful whether the spade would yield any revelation. There exists, however, a thousand-year-old treatise known as the *Dindshenchas*, in which the sites of the ancient palaces, forts and wells are described. Dr. Macalister's work is a careful and ingenious study in identification. He endeavours to solve minor points left by pioneers such as Petrie, and the use of aerial photography has proved useful. He takes the way of common sense, but his theories do not always cast out doubt. His suggestion, for instance, that the Lia Fail or Stone of Destiny—which was supposed to utter a cry when the rightful High King was crowned—was worked by a kind of Polynesian "bull-roarer," an implement familiar to readers of *The Golden Bough*, seems almost too simple. In dealing with the early Christian period, Dr. Macalister allows his native piety to obscure his love of common sense. He dismisses too abruptly the fertility images found carven on the walls of some ancient churches or on pillars; and his note on Saint Brigid and the pagan Brigid, Goddess of Fire, is little more than an excellent incursion into Christian apologetics.

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THE RILEY NINE

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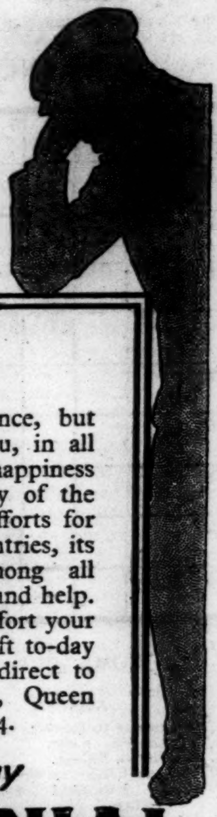

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12	200	10	17	6	12	0	0	12	12	6
15	300	13	12	6	14	15	0	15	12	6
20	450	15	10	0	16	7	6	17	10	0

* *These premiums apply only to cars used or garaged within 15 miles' radius of Charing Cross.*
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water-boiling nuisance by visiting the factory in advance, and having their carburettors readjusted to suit Alpine conditions. Now that the car has undergone six years of intensive development, and cheapened systems of manufacture have enabled the Riley people to pack more value than ever into the chassis, it can be recommended without any reserves whatsoever, and my task is merely to analyse the special qualities which make it an attractive purchase for drivers who can pay a little more than they must.

The car originally attracted attention by dint of a couple of accidents. The pioneer saloon version was sold with a body possessing lines which are now common enough, but happened to be new in 1927, and also hit that elusive target—popular taste. Hundreds of these cars were bought by fortunate fools for no better reason than that they pleased the eye. Simultaneously, hundreds more were sold because the mechanical specification was far ahead of all rivals. The engine was at that date the most advanced small engine in the world; and the gearbox was one of the very first to possess a silent third. The short chassis owned a tunnelled propeller-shaft, and so afforded extra leg-room by means now widely copied. These three features started a boom of Riley Nines, and the car, once launched, proceeded to establish itself by force of a less definable excellence. I have owned a great many cars, loathed some of them, liked some, and loved few. No fastidious owner can love a car unless it satisfies him *as a whole;* and it is rarely that a car achieves so comprehensive a success. Its speed may be all one desires, but the engine is rough in traffic; or the suspension is bouncy, or the brakes are weakish, or the clutch jerks, or the body is wrong . . . there is nearly always a "but." Possibly none of the qualities which compose an ideal car may be seriously lacking in the particular car which one buys; but the new owner happens to try a rival car at a similar price, and finds that it is faster or better sprung or what not. So his pride in his own car is subtly undermined. The great asset of this little Riley is that it challenges comparison *as a whole* with every direct competitor, and is deficient nowhere. There is as much room as anybody can furnish within so short a chassis platform. No car of the size steers or holds the road better—few, indeed, handle as well. It has all the speed you can get from 9 h.p. without gingering an engine up to such a pitch that fine manners are impaired. It is quiet, and remains quiet. All the controls come to hand readily, and operate smoothly and freely. The brakes do not squeak; they stop her as fast as any rival can be stopped. Durability is high. Accessibility is excellent. You can hardly surpass its looks at the price. So in prolonged ownership it serves you economically and well: and no fits of jealousy are provoked, when friend or neighbour or relation insists on you taking a trip in some other make of car listed at about the same figure, and rated at about the same power. These facts contain the veritable essence of commercial success: for all Riley owners speak well of the car, and the vast majority of them unhesitatingly buy another Riley when their finances justify a new car. A lesser consequence is that depreciation is low; the demand for second-hand Rileys is so good that they fetch an uncommon percentage of their first cost on resale.

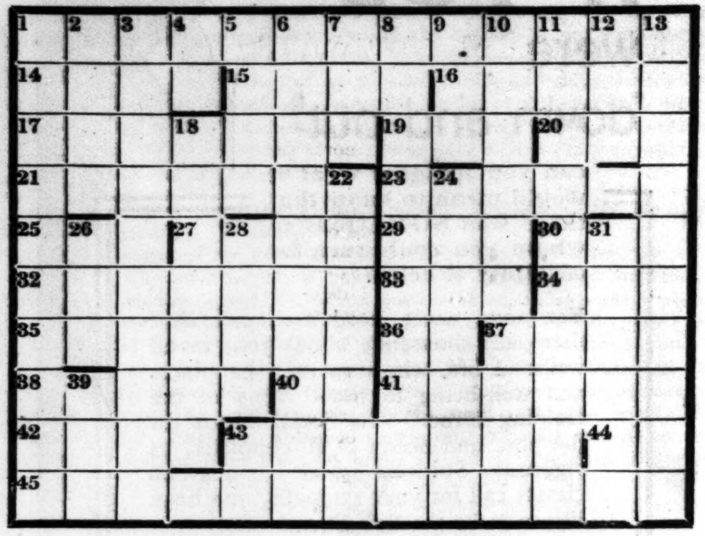
I am going to issue what a jury might call a rider in regard to these cars. The various models may be bought at additional cost with a higher speed guarantee. The standard speed of the 9 h.p. is about 60 on top, and a little less—say 55—on 3rd gear. The twin carburettor editions are capable of 65–70 m.p.h. according to coachwork, and ignoring, of course, the racing issues which do 90–100. A twin carburettor engine is good ownership for the expert owner who loves tinkering. It is less desirable for the average amateur, who may easily throw his gas system out of balance when he decarbonises the engine. This risk is less with two carburettors than with three, and less with four cylinders than with six; but it exists even with this tiny engine. And there is no real need for the extra 5–10 m.p.h. procurable with the twin carburettors. We all know small cars which cannot really use the last few miles of their speed range, either because a want of engine balance threatens to jerk the power unit out of the frame, or because there is an uproar, or because the suspension is poor. The whole of the standard Riley speed range is *usable* speed: and except on rare roads 60 is fast enough for ordinary owners.

There is nothing shoddy about these cars. Given intelligent maintenance, they will run for years, and reproduce their pristine performance when they are roadworn and shabby.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



SOME OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES

ACROSS.

1. Of interest to the War Office.
14. Mr. Garvin, or not.
15. Teacher in Thibet.
16. You can't shoot on the kitchen one.
17. What happened to Borotra's "return."
19. I'm through with Cicero.
20. Mr. Shaw's was nuciform.
21. Hale and whole.
23. There's one at Exeter.
25. Reverse of skilful.
27. "He used communicants As illuminants."
29. Pother.
30. A letter before me spells luxury; the same letter after, superstition.
32. Appliances without us.
33. Come back without a jar.
34. Much sworn by in Bacup.
35. Fifty short of abstention.
36. Here is the "Old Lady."
37. Mr. Galsworthy's is a best seller.
38. Fluid solid.
40. "Two lovely black eyes."
41. The reverse of an idea.
42. I flow, like a comparative poem.
43. Star from Hollywood.
44 *rev.* Constable.
45. Mos'ly a flop [Two words].

DOWN.

1. Alleged attribute of maidenliness.
2. "Just made for two."
3. *rev.* Speechless communication.
4. Shown on a contoured map.
5. Biblical character turns up senile.
6. Takes place on parade "from the right."
7. Confused baronet's address.
8. Ductless gland.
9. Generally after we.
10. Reverse of reverse of Sansculotte.
11. No conspiracy complete without one.
12 *rev.* The artist leaves the market place.
13. Took place on "a blasted heath."
18. As it might be, Borah.
22 *rev.* Human bird.
24 *rev.* We get away well, but finish in some little confusion.
26. His Holiness has been robbed of nothing.
28. Was a little "sore" when upset.
31. My war service was sometimes a mixed blessing.
39. Add up.
43. What Elizabeth said to her suitors.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. colt. 4. Elbe. 7. lash. 11. ads. 13. ergo (gore). 15. rate. 17. i.e. 18. ms. 20. t(ra)p. 22. Lido. 24. ado. 26. pons. 28. rice (Eric). 30. stet. 32. nowt. 34. camp. 36. most. 38. utt(er). 40. Rome. 42. risk. 44. (utt)er. 45. go. 47. hits. 49. vile. 51. née. 53. Hugo. 55. time. 57. dust. 59. Riga. 61. ails. 63. kith. 65. eon. 66. "Orps." 67. stet *rev.* 68. "it."

DOWN.—1. Cam. 2. (G)od. 3. tern. 4. era. 5. L.G. 6. Eric. 7. lad. 8. at(om). 9. hide. 10. Geo. 12. stow. 14. olim. 16. eats. 19. spot. 21. pram. 23. soso *rev.* 25. Snug. 27. Scot. 29. Emil. 31. tare (rate). 33. trig. 35. prim. 37. Tees. 39. thug. 41. evil. 43. Knut. 46. Ohio. 48. stip(end). 50. edit. 52. ore. 54. oar. 56. eke. 58. "Tut." 60, 62. aost (Sato). 64. Hi.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE

The Professor had five blue balls in Bag No. 1. He transferred one of them to Bag No. 2, containing red balls. He drew a ball from this bag at random and transferred it to Bag No. 1. Finally he transferred a ball drawn at random from Bag No. 1 to Bag No. 2.

If he now draws a ball from Bag No. 2, the chances that it is a red one are 3—2.

How many red balls were there in Bag No. 2 originally?

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Ada's name was Smith.

Arsenal v. *United.* No correct solution was received. The "league table" is too complicated to set out here, but I shall be pleased to send a copy to any solver interested on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

CALIBAN.

COMPANY MEETING

THE GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY

SIR DAVID MILNE-WATSON'S REVIEW

An ordinary general meeting of the proprietors of the Gas Light and Coke Company was held on February 12 at the Chief Office of the company, Horseferry Road, Westminster, S.W.1, Sir David Milne-Watson, LL.D., D.L. (the Governor), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. W. L. Galbraith) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Governor said (in part): Ladies and gentlemen, during the year there has been an expenditure of £1,196,000 on capital account—land £216,000, buildings and machinery £413,000, mains and service pipes £322,000, meters £83,000, and stoves £162,000—and we have written off £124,000 for depreciation of ships and stoves. The net capital expenditure, therefore, during the year has been £1,072,000.

There are four reasons for this somewhat heavy expenditure on capital, namely: the purchase of land for future development; the erection of gasholders and other plant; the extension of our mains and service pipes to meet growing requirements, particularly in outlying districts; and the provision of meters and stoves for the ever-increasing number of consumers of gas. All this expenditure, I am sure you will agree, is a healthy sign of the company's vigour.

Increase in Gas Sales

When we come to the revenue account I am glad to report that we have had an increase in the sale of gas of almost 1½ per cent., which in view of the conditions prevailing to-day is most satisfactory. I feel sure that the shareholders will be gratified that in these difficult times we have been able, not merely to hold our own, but actually to increase our sales.

On the credit side of the account the revenue from the sale of gas is £8,519,000, showing an increase of £78,000. There are also very satisfactory increases in respect of rental for appliances. The rental of meters brought in £362,000, an increase of £13,000; the rental of stoves £629,000, an increase of £23,000, and the rental for fittings £526,000, an increase of £11,000. Altogether the income from gas and rentals is £10,036,000—a total increase of £125,000.

There has been an increase in consumers of 27,000 in the year, the total number now approaching 1,400,000, and we have supplied a further 86,000 pieces of apparatus.

With regard to coke, there has been a small drop of 4d. per ton in the net amount received, which, together with a decrease in the quantity made, has resulted in a falling off in the revenue of £90,000.

On the other hand, tar and its products have brought in £326,000, which is £6,000 more than last year. Ammoniacal liquor shows a loss of £5,000, but that, as compared with the loss of £16,000 in the previous year, is £11,000 better. Altogether, the residuals are down by £82,000, against which, however, can be set the increase from gas and rentals mentioned above, giving a net increase of £50,000 on a total income of nearly £12,000,000.

The sum available is £820,000, which enables the directors to declare the usual dividends on the 4 per cent. consolidated preference stock and the 3½ per cent. maximum stock, and to recommend a dividend at the rate of £5 12s. per cent. per annum on the ordinary stock.

The payment of these dividends, together with the necessary contribution of £20,000 to the redemption fund, will absorb £681,000, leaving £139,000 to be carried forward to the credit of the current year's accounts, as against £122,000 carried forward on the last occasion.

American Gas Expansion

Gas as a means of heating and cooking is as popular as ever, and indeed is becoming more so. I am not basing my remarks on the experience of this company or of the Gas Industry in Great Britain alone, for it is gratifying to be able to report that in the United States of America the sale of gas is increasing enormously.

It is not only, however, in the field of domestic heating and cooking that we are more than holding our own. The International Illumination Congress opened the eyes of the public to the spectacular lighting effects that can be achieved by gas. But it also served as a valuable reminder of the very large number of famous London streets that are lit nightly by our company.

There is also a very large and interesting development in the use of gas for industrial purposes. We are constantly putting in new supplies of gas for use in industry, and to-day gas is used in more than 3,000 different industries, with an average of seven processes in each industry. This is a most satisfactory feature of our business, as the industrial load is a particularly good one, and we are taking steps to encourage its growth in every possible way.

"Cleanglow" for Open Fires

Turning to coke, some interesting developments are now taking place. We have recently put upon the market a new fuel, to which we have given the name of "CLEANGLOW," a specially prepared fuel suitable for burning in open fireplaces. We think there is a great future for this new fuel.

Ordinary coke is increasingly popular for domestic boilers and furnaces, but I feel certain that you will all be glad to hear of this new development, not only as shareholders of the company, but as citizens, believing as I am sure you do that there is much to be gained from the point of view of health by the prevention of pollution of the atmosphere of our cities by the abolition of smoke.

Road Tar and Benzole

With regard to tar, it is pleasant to report that during the past year we have sold increasing quantities of tar for road making. It is particularly gratifying that the gas and coke oven industries of this country can produce a British material which can make a road which is really first-class in every way, and capable of taking the heaviest traffic.

Benzole, another of our products, is the only home-produced motor spirit. This year we have made no less than 2¾ million gallons, and we are taking steps at the present time to increase the output to something like 5 to 6 million. In this way also I think we render a service to the country by producing at home a motor fuel which is superior to all other motor spirits.

Company's Expansion

We have, as from January 1, taken over the Southend-on-Sea and Brentwood Gas Companies. We are looking forward to developing their districts, and we believe that in them there is room for great extension in the use of gas.

The result of these amalgamations is that the Company now supplies an area well over 500 square miles in extent. We have 15 manufacturing stations and 51 showrooms; there are over 4,970 miles of mains in our enlarged district, and we supply gas to 49,000 public lamps; we consume no less than 2¼ million tons of coal and over 17 million gallons of oil per annum, and we have a fleet of 17 steamers.

A Constantly Growing Industry

I give these figures because I feel sure that many of you and many of the general public do not realise how vast an organisation is the Gas Light and Coke Company. So much has been heard of electricity and oil in the last few years that I think an erroneous impression has grown up that the day of gas is over and that we are a decaying industry. I believe that the figures I have given you will speak for themselves, and show that we are one of the greatest public utility industries in the country. It is my firm opinion that with fair play the excellence of our product and of the service which we give to the public will enable us to do far more than hold our own in the future.

We ask for no favours; we only ask to be allowed an opportunity of competing for business on equal terms. I referred at some length last year to unfair competition. I am glad to say that in certain quarters there has been an improvement in this direction. But I regret to say there are a few Municipalities which control their own electrical undertakings, and fearing to leave the choice between gas and electricity to the tenants of new houses and flats, take the unfair precaution of excluding gas from the start. This is a tendency that we mean to fight, both as traders and as large ratepayers. We are quite content to leave the choice between gas and electricity to people who have to cook and wash and make their homes cheerful and warm.

At Richmond the Low Temperature Plant has been closed down as it proved to be a commercial failure, and we were losing money in working the plant. In passing I should like to say that we are willing to adopt any process of carbonisation, whether high or low temperature, provided it can be made to pay. The cessation of the supply of "GLOCO" was regretted by a number of people who had become acustomed to its use, but we sincerely hope that they will try our new and cheaper fuel "CLEANGLOW" and find it equally suitable for their requirements. Five new showrooms have been opened in the year.

Greater Trading Freedom

From what I have said you will see that every effort has been made to keep the Company thoroughly up to date in its many and varied activities. The Bill which, as you remember, we promoted in Parliament last year, passed through all its stages and received the Royal Assent at the beginning of July. Apart from the right it gave us to acquire the undertakings of the Southend and Brentwood Gas Companies, our Statutory enactments were altered with regard to the basis upon which our dividends are calculated, and, as explained to you at the last meeting, we are now working on what is known as the "basic principle." The Act also gave us additional borrowing powers, and this matter will be referred to at the Extraordinary General Meeting which will follow at the conclusion of this meeting. Finally, the Act gave us power to acquire a financial interest in other allied industries, thus granting the Company some of the powers for which the Industry as a whole has been striving for many years. The Company will now be free to develop its activities with regard to residuals on businesslike lines, and will be able to join up with companies formed for the specific purpose of dealing with by-products instead of having to carry on this side of its business in isolation as a competitor. This, I am sure, you will all agree with me will be to the benefit of the Company.

As I have told you, the Gas Light and Coke Company has been fortunate in its latest Act of Parliament to get some relief from the trammels which have bound it for so many years, but I regret to say that no relief has yet been given to the industry as a whole.

A Committee, of which I have the honour to be a member, was appointed early last year by the Board of Trade to consider what alterations were required in Gas Legislation. Many meetings have been held, and certain progress has been made. I can only hope that after the Committee has reported Parliamentary time will be found to put its recommendations into effect, especially as they will be largely based on those made long ago by various Government Committees—notably the National Fuel and Power Committee.

(*Continued on page 247*)

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By **TOREADOR**

INFLATION IN AMERICA ?—THE CURRENCY BILL—L. M. & S. ECONOMIES—UNDERGROUND

THERE are some disadvantages as well as fun in writing for a weekly paper. "The next step is for the Federal Reserve Banks to cement the work of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation by expanding credit." Before this comment which I made last week could appear in print the new Federal Reserve Liberalisation Bill, brought forward by a Democrat and supported by the Republicans, had been announced in the daily press and industrial stocks on the New York Stock Exchange had advanced by nearly 20 per cent. Could this be the coming at long last of inflation in the gold-standard countries ? Could Mr. Abbati and his Wealth Utilisation Committee of Geneva light their first bonfire to mark the end of a bloody epoch of deflation ? Could the rise in commodity and security prices in America be the beginning of the end of the slump ? These were the questions which came promptly to the mind of the observer in this deflated country. Unfortunately, opinion in America is not nearly so advanced in elementary economics as opinion in the City of London. We have not enjoyed our Mr. Keynes, our many knights of economics, our NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and our wireless talks all these months for nothing. We are quick to see the possibilities of America being pushed off the gold standard, of an organised "reflation" of prices back to the 1928 level by countries that have denounced deflation and so on. But the Americans have less economic imagination. After the timid non-professional "bears" had been fairly squeezed by the professional operators using the new Currency Bill as an unexpected "bull" point, prices in the stock markets relapsed sharply and the conservative remarked: "Inflation is impossible in America. The dollar cannot be pushed off gold."

* * *

In point of fact, whether the Federal Reserve Liberalisation Bill turns out to be inflationary or not depends entirely on how it is worked in practice. It authorises the Federal Reserve banks to make advances (a) to groups of five or more member banks, or (b) to an individual member bank upon collateral security not now eligible for discount—in each case at a rate at least 1 per cent. higher than the prevailing rate of discount. Advances made under these provisions are not to be eligible as collateral for Federal Reserve notes. Another section of the Bill, however, authorises the Federal Reserve banks to pledge U.S. Government securities as collateral for Federal Reserve notes, in addition to gold and bills which are now eligible. It may be argued that these provisions virtually guarantee America against being pushed off the gold standard by foreign withdrawals of dollar balances. The legal gold ratios for the Federal Reserve are 40 per cent. of notes and 35 per cent. of deposits. At the present time the gold ratio is 67.6 per cent. of notes and deposits combined, because of the alleged shortage of eligible paper. If, then, the Bill, by increasing the supply of eligible paper, frees a vast amount of gold the withdrawals of the French balances and of all other short-term foreign balances can take place without making things uncomfortable. This is quite true, but if foreigners as a whole lose their confidence in the dollar and begin to liquidate their long-term investments, there will certainly not be enough free gold to export. And if on the top of a flight of foreign capital there should follow a flight of domestic capital, America would undoubtedly have to suspend gold shipments. So it is all a question of confidence on the part of the investor, as we have seen in Great Britain, whether a currency can stay on the gold standard or not. Further, if the internal hoarding of notes were to be accelerated by fears of inflation, the Bill would have an effect exactly opposite to its intentions.

* * *

The "free" gold—over and above the legal requirements—of the Federal Reserve Banks amounts to-day to about $1,195 millions, a fair reserve against foreign withdrawals. Some controversy has been aroused by the clause in the Currency Bill providing for the pledging of U.S. Government securities as collateral for Federal Reserve notes. Again, it all depends how this clause is put into practice. It is not necessarily inflationist. The Federal Reserve banks are already authorised to make advances to member banks on Government securities as collateral, so that Government securities are already being utilised indirectly for the issue of Federal Reserve notes. The direct holdings of Government securities by the Federal Reserve banks amounted on February 11th to $741.4 millions. This does not in itself allow much scope for currency inflation, but if the U.S. Government decided to meet its budgetary deficit of some $2,000 millions by borrowing from the Federal Reserve banks, the potential increase in Federal Reserve notes would be somewhat alarming. Of course, the U.S. Government will not borrow entirely to meet its deficits, and the inflation allowable under the Currency Bill will, no doubt, be kept under fairly strict control. Everything depends as usual upon management. It will be interesting to see how France reacts to the prospect of inflation in America. Will she be so terrified of the ruin which awaits her export trade that she will begin to inflate in self-defence ? If the French investor is so panic-stricken as to hoard gold and notes when gold is actually pouring into France, what will his nerves be like when he sees gold being exported from France ?

* * *

Either the London Midland and Scottish provided the greatest scope for economies of the four groups, or Sir Josiah Stamp is a genius. But it is certain that the remarkable savings in working expenses which it has been able to show for 1931 require some peculiar explanation. The receipts from all sources declined by £5.8 millions, but £5 millions of this loss have been met by reductions in working expenditure, of which cuts in wages and salaries accounted for £900,000. By appropriating only £496,000 from reserve, the Company has been able to meet all its prior charges and pay a nominal ½ per cent. on its ordinary stock, thus keeping its preference stocks in the "Chancery" list of trustee securities. The Company cannot go on making savings in operating expenditure at this rate for ever, but if tariffs lead to an increase in activity of the domestic industries situated round the home of the Chamberlains, the L.M. & S. may enjoy increasing revenues, for their most remunerative goods traffic is derived from merchandise from the Midlands. By comparison the results of the Great Western are less remarkable. Gross receipts were £3.2 millions down and expenditure £2.1 millions down. By appropriating £500,000 from the Contingency Fund, the directors have been able to meet all their prior charges and pay 3 per cent. on the Consolidated Ordinary Stock for the year. Curiously, there is very little difference between the "cover" for the first preference stock dividends of the L.M. & S. and for the second preference of the Great Western—certainly not sufficient to justify the difference in market prices, as the following table will show :—

	Highest 1931.	Present Price.	Times div. Covered.	Div. Yield %
L.M.S. 4% (1st) pref. stock	63⅜	45	1.17	£9 3 5
L.M.S. 5% red. pref, 1955	93¾	64	1.12	£7 17 10 or £8 13 0 with red.
L.M.S. 4% (2nd) pref. stock, 1923 ..	55⅜	36	0.9	£11 11 1
Great Western 5% consol. pref. stock	96¼	72	1.24	£7 2 5
Great Western 5% red. pref. 1950 ..	101	86	1.16	£5 18 7 or £6 10 0 with red.

* * *

In a note some weeks ago I suggested that a purchase of the L.M. & S. preference stocks was safer than those of the London & North Eastern. The intriguing part is to see to what extent the London & North Eastern has to raid its reserve or contingency funds for the purpose of paying its 2nd preference stock dividends and a nominal dividend on its preferred ordinary stock. The farce of the Trustee Act, which makes the payment of dividends and not earnings as the test for inclusion in the Trustee list, has never been better illustrated. Personally I cannot understand why the managers of the railways attach the slightest importance to the inclusion of their preference stocks in the Trustee list. They are well aware that they would not be able to make an issue of preference stocks to the public unless they had good earnings to show as "cover."

* * *

It is true that the Underground Electric Railways of London suffered a reduction in income last year of £25,000 and had £66,000 more to find in interest charges, but one wonders whether the reduction made in the ordinary dividend from 8 per cent. to 7 per cent. does not indicate that the directors have decided that the London Passenger Transport Bill is dead and that the attack on wages must be supported by a show of sacrifice on the part of the shareholders. The proposals which are now before the Trade Unions provide for a cut of 2½ per cent. in all wages and a further 2½ per cent. in wages in excess of 40s. per week.

GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY

(*continued from page 245*)

If I might be allowed to do so in this connection, I should like to point out that a very definite duty devolves upon Parliament to pass legislation for the Industries which it has taken under its wing. At one time the number of Industries which were under this form of tutelage was very limited, but there is a growing tendency to increase their number, for example, the Port of London Authority and the proposed London Traffic Control. The Industries in this category are really working under the Minutes of Parliament, if I may so put it. In the Board Room of the Gas Light and Coke Company we are allowed to take decisions, but they are all subject to the Acts or "Minutes" of Parliament governing the Company, and if Parliament takes the responsibility of acting as if they were a superior Board of Directors they must realise that time must be found to alter these statutory enactments which govern us. Many of the "Minutes" of Parliament affecting the Gas Industry go back to 1847 and 1871, and many of them are quite antiquated. I mention this because it has become a very serious matter for the Industry to have to continue year after year working under completely out-of-date provisions, which Parliament says it has not time to alter. In my opinion it is high time that ways and means were found to change the present Parliamentary procedure. What would be said of a Board of Directors who gave as an excuse for not adopting the latest business methods that they could find no time to do so? This is exactly what is happening in Parliament.

The last time I addressed you I made some remarks about the financial position of this Country, and I pointed out that no nation, company, or individual could go on living beyond its income. What I said proved to be only too true of this Country. We have gone and are still going through one of the greatest crises in our history. It is a good thing that even at this late hour the Country has wakened up and that the question of the adverse balance of trade is now being seriously tackled. It is all to the good that the Country is aware of the position, and that the Government is trying to put our house in order. But what the Government is trying to do for the Country as a whole must be done also by the many individual industries that go to make up the business life of the Country before we can hope to see ourselves in a better position. The Gas Industry is a very old industry and is one of the most important in the Country, having a 120 years' experience of business and trade at its back. We are, in spite of violent competition, a healthy and vigorous industry, and it may be of interest to give what are, in my opinion, some of the reasons why we are in this happy position.

First, we have never paid excessive dividends, and whenever we have had a good year's trading the surplus profit that has accrued has been carefully set aside to enable us to carry through a programme of reconstructional work in the lean years which were bound to come. Secondly, we have never hesitated to scrap out-of-date and obsolete plant, and to-day I think it will be found that no one is better equipped with modern plant than we are. Thirdly, we are fortunate as an Industry in having, I admit through no merit of our own, no temptation to enlarge our Works to supply markets beyond those of which we are assured, inasmuch as it is useless to put up plant to make gas in excess of the needs of the public.

Much emphasis has been given—and rightly given—in recent months to the urgent need to "Buy British," and the Gas Industry, which employs British capital, labour, and materials, willingly responded to this appeal. But the Government wisely pointed out in its campaign that "Sell British" is the necessary complement to "Buy British." More over-sea trade and less trade barriers are the need of this country in this difficult hour.

Countries, while naturally making every endeavour to develop their own resources, should remember that they cannot live in isolation, and that the greatest necessity of the world to-day is, first to get rid of the nightmare of War Debts and Reparations, and then to restart mutual trading on a rational and progressive basis.

It is in this way alone that prosperity can return, and I sincerely hope that in this Country tariffs will lead ultimately to a reconsideration of the whole question of world production and world trading, in which case the present terrible world crisis will not have been all in vain.

That leads me to say a word on Economy, in regard to which there is a great deal of erroneous thinking. Many people have interpreted economy as meaning that it is desirable for them to button up their pockets and spend no money. The reverse, however, is nearer to the truth. Liberal and wise spending was never more necessary than it is to-day for anyone who has anything to spend. What is needed is economy in public and Government expenditure, not so much in expenditure by individuals. If trade and commerce are to be assisted to the full, it will only be through wise expenditure by industries and individuals and not by the unrestricted and lavish expenditure indulged in by State Departments and municipal bodies. Judging by the growth of public expenditure, it would seem that we, as a country, are spending too much on being governed.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and the usual formal business transacted.

At a subsequent extraordinary meeting resolutions were passed increasing the borrowing powers of the Company in connection with the amalgamation of the Southend and Brentwood Companies, and at a further Wharncliffe Meeting a Bill was approved, the main object of which was to add the area known as Canvey Island to the Company.

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THE result of the general election in Japan will, no doubt, hearten the militarists in the pursuit of their aims in China. But the thumping majority won by the Seiyukai, the Government Party, is not purely a "war majority." Domestic issues played a large part in it. The late Government, the Minseito, were responsible for several unpopular measures, particularly the reduction of wages and salaries of a large number of public employees. Japan's finances are in a shaky condition, and the Seiyukai, like our own National Government, won many votes by its promises to improve trade. Nevertheless, the Government may prove to be much less solid than it looks. There is a move on foot, it is believed, for the formation of a more concentrated "National Cabinet" to handle the Chinese business. If that succeeds, we may expect new presbyter to be old priest writ large.

* * *

Meanwhile, there has been a lull in the fighting at Shanghai, and there is no secret about its cause. Chinese troops have not only shown courage and discipline, but they have a great superiority in numbers. They are not likely to enjoy that advantage for long; Japan is already preparing to send heavy reinforcements. She is far too deeply committed to warrant the hope that this check may be the prelude to the calling off of her adventure. She will only call it off under pressure from the League and the United States. And unfortunately she can see how weak is the will to apply that pressure. The measure of her contempt for the professed champions of the Covenant is revealed once more in her reply to the latest protest of the League Council and in Mr. Sato's speech before the Council. Mr. Sato in effect admitted that Japan has infringed the Covenant and the Kellogg Pact. The excuse is that Japan cannot recognise China as an "organised people," and is therefore justified in violating her pledges. If such a right of private judgment is to be admitted Geneva may as well put up its shutters. With a simple extension of the doctrine, we might see half the South American Republics disqualified from membership of the League on account of their propensity to revolutions. And what about France, where they have just had another free fight in the Chamber of Deputies?

* * *

In view of this situation Sir John Simon's "open mind" speech in the House of Commons on Monday was the very nadir of statesmanship. Everyone knows that Japan is an aggressor, and to argue that the matter is still *sub judice,* that we must not prejudice the issue or say nasty things about the bombing of Shanghai, is just to play the Japanese game of postponement until a *fait accompli* is established in Shanghai as firmly as in Manchuria. Sir John Simon cannot really be bam-